The RING

Executive Offices
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
New York, N. Y.

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DECEMBER, 1923

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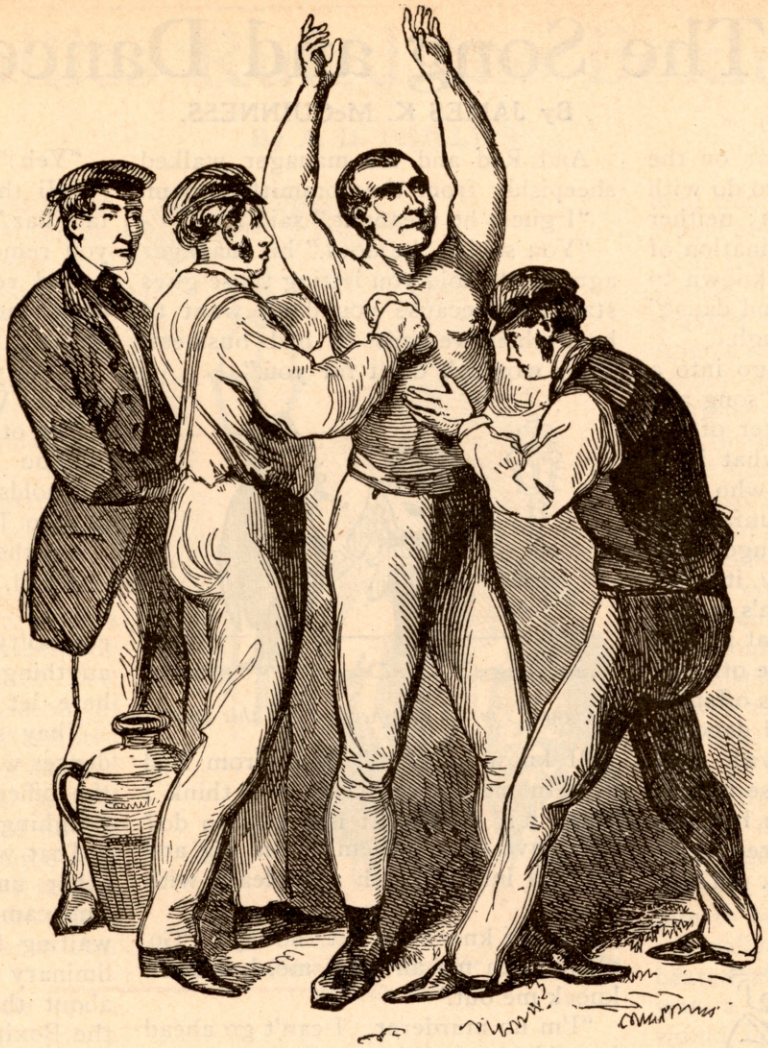

HOW A BOXER WAS HANDLED BETWEEN ROUNDS IN THE BARE KNUCKLE DAYS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
The Song and Dance—By James K. McGuinness	4
When Bullies Ruled the Boxing Game—By A. D. Phillips	5
Choynski Was Ring's First "Business" Boxer—By Vernon Van Ness	6
Cuba and Its Athletes—By Fernando Gil	8
Jim Jeffries Becomes Humanized—By Leach Cross	9
"Spider Frankie" Jerome	10
Managers' Directory	11
As We See It—Editorial—By Nat Fleischer	12
Nation Without Boxing at Mercy of Its Enemies—By Jack Skelly	14
History of Boxing—By Nat Fleischer	15
Funeral Made Sam Langford a Fighter—By Frank E. Coultry	16
Tad's Tidbits—By "Tad" Dorgan	17
Yankee Sullivan and His Peculiar Punch—By John L. (Ike) Dorgan	18
When Sharkey Met Admiral Dewey—By Spike Webb	18
When John L. Sullivan Went Down—By Frank O'Connell	19
Evolution of a Fanette—By Pauline Layman	22
Minute Rests Between Rounds—By Eddie Borden	23
Managers' Directory (Continued)	35
Results of Boxing Bouts	36

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THE RING

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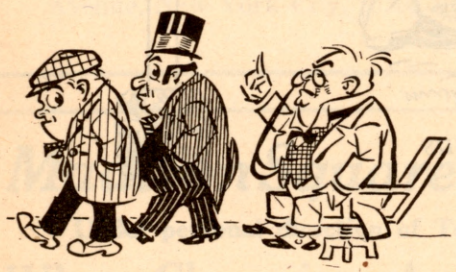
The Song and Dance

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS.

SINGING does not appear on the surface to have much to do with the affairs of pugilism; neither does dancing. Yet the combination of the two, that strange farce known to the boxing fan as a "song and dance" is seen and heard often enough.

It is hardly necessary to go into a description of the pugilistic "song and dance." The average follower of the game knows well enough what it is, but for the benefit of those who have not seen a bout, or who are unfamiliar with some of the ways of pugdom, it might be stated that, roughly, it is the carrying out of a gentlemen's agreement between two boxers that neither will be unduly rough with the other.

Red Karess was a notorious offender in the matter of singing and dancing. It was an accepted fact with fight managers and with other close followers of the game that no one had any difficulty getting Red to agree to do his stuff with reasonable care. In fact,



And Red and his manager walked sheepishly from the room.

the only reason the authorities had been lenient with him thus far was that Red had returned from the Great War with a most enviable record. In a certain sense he was a hero, and as such he was treated.

But the authorities finally had balked. They sent for Red and his manager, Larry Croutch, and gave them a long, earnest session on the carpet.

"I've stood all of this I'm going to," said old Fred Letz, the chairman of the Boxing Commission.

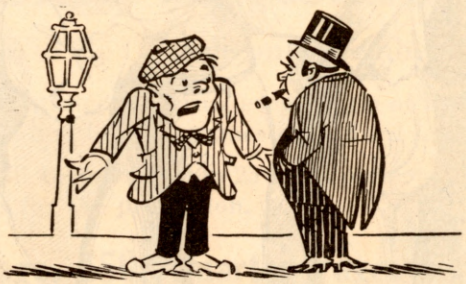
"Every time you get into the ring if you haven't got a shot at a title, you go along under wraps. Now I'm not one of those men who want to see a knockout in every fight. I'm satisfied with a good, clever exhibition. But when I see Red in there under a pull every time, it's time to call a halt. The public is entitled to the best he can do.

"The next time there is the slightest doubt that he is not doing his best I'll slap a six months' suspension on him. That's all; but that goes."

And Red and his manager walked sheepishly from the committee room.

"I guess he means it," said Red.

"You said it, he does," his manager agreed. "I told you letting those guys stay just because you don't want to hurt their records is bad business. They wouldn't do it for you."



I guess I'm too soft-hearted for this stuff.

"I know all that," came from Red in petulent tones. "Don't you think I know it? But what is a guy to do? You have one of them in the fog and he falls into a clinch and pleads with you.

" 'Don't knock me out,' he says. 'Go along with me an' beat me, but don't knock me out.'

"I'm no murderer. I can't go ahead in cold blood and put a guy out just because it looks good to the mob. What do they want, anyway, boxing, or a slaughter?"

"They want action, that's what," said Harry Croutch tersely.

"I guess I'm too soft-hearted for this stuff," Red speculated. "I can't do it unless I'm mad; and the only way I get mad is for one of them to hurt me. If they play along, I just haven't the heart to put them away."

They left the Commission rooms and, in the elevator, resumed their talk.

"I gotta get one for you that you're sure to drop," Croutch informed him. "How about that Ted Rays that's over here from England now?. He's looking for a place to start."

"Grab him," said Red. "Maybe I'll be rougher with limies. I never liked them much anyway."

The match with Rays was arranged and in due time the afternoon came for the men to weigh in. Waiting for the Commission's official, the two men were introduced by the club promoter.

After a brief chat, the Englishman surveyed Red quizzically.

"Hi soiy, Yank," he said at last, "weren't you with one of th' Yank divisions that served with the British?"

"Yeh!" Red agreed.

"Hi thought you were bloody well familiar," the other went on. "Don't you remember me, at all?"

Red returned the survey that had been made of himself. He ventured a guess.

"Was you one of the guards at that base in Winchester?" he queried.

The other nodded.

"You used to let me and Joe Reynolds run your post when we went a. w. o. l.?" he asked again.

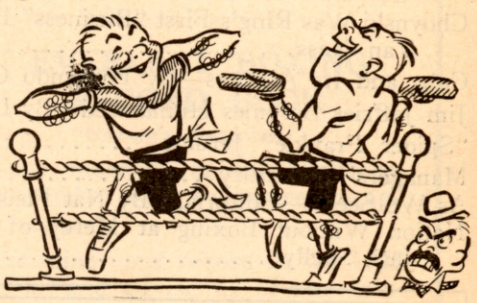
Another nod.

"Well, I'm certainly glad to see you again," Red asserted with great cordiality. "Put it there, and if there's anything I can do for you while you're here, let me know."

They shook hands. Further confidences were cut short by the arrival of the official and the beginning of the weighing in.

That was the last they saw of each other until that evening, when the time came for the fight. In his corner, waiting for the finishing of the preliminary ceremonies, Red glanced about the ring. The ruddy face of the Boxing Commission chief gleamed from among those about it. It's owner held up a warning finger and shook it.

"I know. I know!" muttered Red. "Don't need to tell me no more. I got to stop this guy an' all the beggin' off in th' world won't help him none tonight."



Red Karess was a notorious offender in the matter of singing and dancing.

In the first round Red had appraised his foe to the proverbial "T."

"Pretty good left," he mused, "but he can't hurt me with that. Holds his right too far over for a counter. Has to move it across before he starts one. That's easy to beat."

"This guy is duck soup for me," he informed his manager between rounds. "I'll let him go eight and get him in the last two."

"Get him sooner. Letz is watching you," Harry Croutch urged.

(*Continued on page 7*)

When Bullies Ruled the Boxing Game

By A. D. PHILLIPS

THE experience, which was not to their taste, of Mike McTigue, his manager, Joe Jacobs, and Referee Harry Ertle at Columbus, Ga., at the recent McTigue-Young Stribling title bout, was duplicated many times in the so-called "good old days." Fistic history cites a number of examples of this sort of "sportsmanship" and covers up a lot of others. In the early days of boxing in England the game came into disrepute because of the gunmen tactics used.

Right here in this country an early example was put into history at Acquia Creek, Vermont. The fight in question was between Tommy Kelly of New Brunswick, and Billy Parkinson of Pottsville, Pa. The men had attempted to arrange a match for weeks, but had been warned by the police of several states that a prize fight would not be tolerated. Finally it was assured that the police would not interfere with a bout at Acquia Creek and the match consequently was arranged for at that place.

The men were to do battle for a purse of $2,000, not a small sum in those days, thirty-odd years ago. However, it was not the size of the purse that actuated the backers, but the chances presented for pulling a gambling coup. The backers of Kelly were desperate characters, it is recorded, who had made large bets on their man and intended to see that victory came their way, no matter what the cost in gun play. Gangs from Baltimore and Philadelphia were in attendance to enforce a verdict for Kelly. Tom Allen, a notorious character who clung to pugilism in those days, was the leader of the coterie behind Kelly.

Type of ruffians who ruled the ring in bare knuckle days.

The referee selected was a newspaper man named William E. Harding, sports editor of the New York Herald. He was a quiet but game man and an honest one. Nor was he a fool, for he apparently came prepared for business, as events soon showed.

The ring was pitched on the turf at a spot deep in the woods. When the fighters came upon the scene and were undergoing their final preparations, and Referee Harding was giving them their instructions, Allen jumped into the ring, walked over to Harding and, pointing a gun at the referee's stomach, told him that if Kelly lost there would be a dead referee.

"Is that so," was Harding's quiet response. With a sudden move, he grasped the revolver, wrested it from Allen's hand and smashed its butt across Allen's face, cutting a deep gash. Harding then lifted Allen in his arms and tossed him from the ring, at the same time announcing to all and sundry that any move to "get him" would result in some one besides himself getting killed.

The crowd was cowed. The Kelly gangmen were convinced that the referee could not be intimidated. Harding displayed a revolver of his own as well as Allen's, and kept them in his hands as he refereed the fight, which went all to Parkinson. Every second of the time was intense. Harding was in real danger every second, yet he kept repeating to the crowd his warning that any interference would cause him to begin shooting.

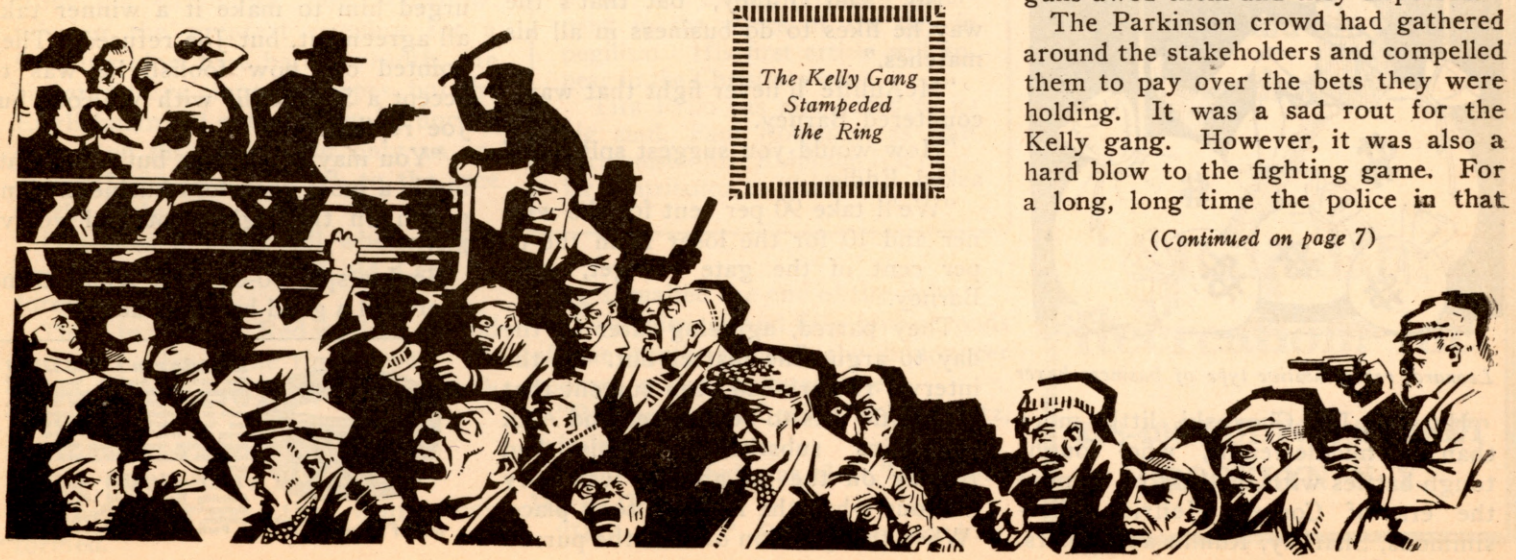
Finally, Kelly was battered and beaten and was near exhaustion. It was a foregone conclusion that he would be whipped and that Harding would give the decision to Parkinson. So, in a final desperate move, the Kelly gang stampeded the ring, cut the ropes and dashed in, grasping Kelly and carrying him from the ring. The leader of the rescuing mob was Allen.

Harding waved his revolvers and dispersed the mob and calmly announced that Parkinson had won because Allen had jumped into the ring illegally. For a moment the Kelly gangsters were on the point of rushing Harding and the Parkinson backers who were greatly outnumbered, but the steady flashing of Harding's guns awed them and they dispersed.

The Parkinson crowd had gathered around the stakeholders and compelled them to pay over the bets they were holding. It was a sad rout for the Kelly gang. However, it was also a hard blow to the fighting game. For a long, long time the police in that

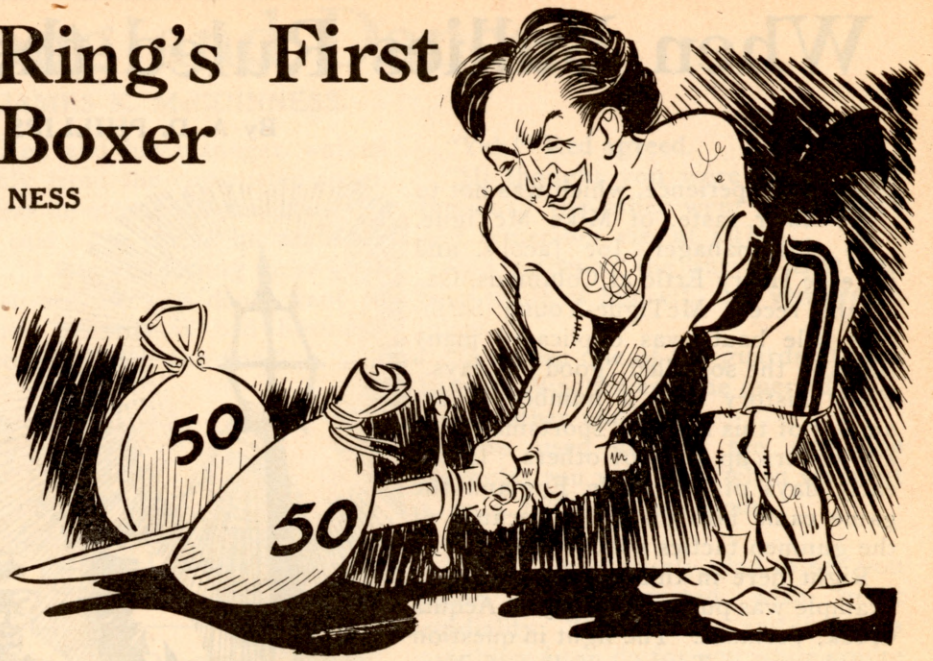
(Continued on page 7)

The Kelly Gang Stampeded the Ring



Choynski Was Ring's First "Business" Boxer

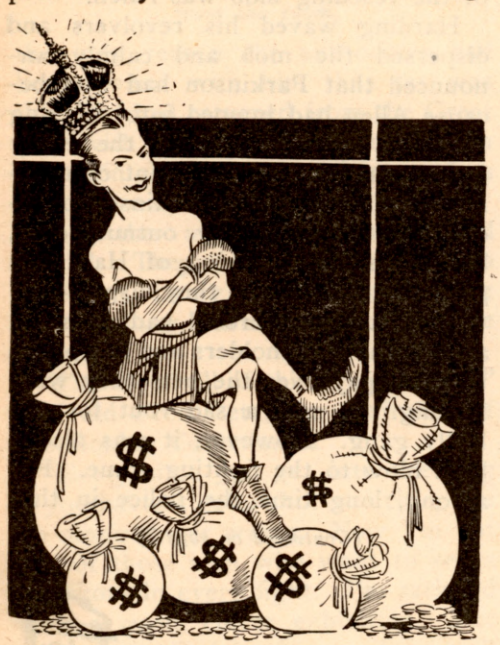
By VERNON VAN NESS



Choynski made sure he got his share

IN the present era of "big business" in the boxing game when promoters talk in the millions and boxers have received fortunes for no-decision contests, it may enlighten and interest some of the present generation to hark back to the doings of bygone days. Nowadays there is rarely a gamble made. The fighter and his manager are certain of what they are going to get long before the fighter puts on a glove. In fact, in the case of most championship battles the money is already banked long before the first gong sounds. Once in a while there is a speculation made on a percentage of the receipts, but in the majority of cases the fighters demand a flat sum and let the promoters take all the chances.

A quarter of a century or more ago it was the general custom when a fight was arranged for the two headliners to get 60 per cent. of the gate and then split in the way they agreed. That was more of a sporting proposition than what prevails today. Still there was one fighter, and he certainly was a FIGHTER at the time mentioned, who was the forerunner of the present day business men of the ring.



Leonard, representative type of business boxer

He was Joe Choynski, little more than a middleweight, who fought tough battles with the best of them in the era of Corbett, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, Ruhlin and others.

No one could ever accuse Joe of being timid. He had a heart like a lion and was game to the core. Joe considered fighting a business as far as he was concerned, but a most uncertain one. Joe wanted to be sure so he would agree to split on a 50-50 basis with any opponent. This, mind you, was at a time when it was not exactly uncommon to battle on a winner take all basis or 75-25. Joe may have been the original "business boxer" but he certainly was a bust on the business end of it. This may be illustrated by a story of one of his matches.

Choynski was matched with Joe McAuliffe, a fair heavyweight prospect. Just before signing articles Eddie Graney, who was acting for Joe, remarked that there would be an even split as usual.

Barney Farley, who was representing McAuliffe, let out a squawk.

"So Chrysanthemum Joe's afraid he's going to get a licking and wants as much as the winner.

"No," said Graney, "but that's the way he likes to do business in all his matches."

"McAuliffe 'll never fight that way," countered Barney.

"How would you suggest splitting," asked Eddie.

"We'll take 90 per cent for the winner and 10 for the loser from the 60 per cent of the gate we get," said Barney.

They parted, agreeing later in the day to argue the matter out. In the interval rumors had been current that McAuliffe was to be dropped and Alex Greggains substituted. This had Barney on the go and he was very nervous when the meeting took place.

When the question of how the purse was to be divided came up again McAuliffe was so anxious to sign that he was willing to agree to any sort of division. Barney Farley was eager, however, for a winner take all agreement.

Graney then spoke up and said: "Barney, let's be reasonable. Fighting is a matter of business with Joe. He wants the purse split evenly because he thinks it's better that way."

Farley hesitated a little and then said:

"Gentlemen, it's all right; we divide the purse as you say."

The money taken in at the gate was $2,968.40. Of this sum Choynski, who won the fight on a knockout, received but half. Had he agreed to split the way Farley wanted, his share would have been about $2,400.

An example of how Choynski profited through his business acumen may be observed in the agreement signed for his bout with the diminutive Joe Walcott. Choynski's friends urged him to make it a winner take all agreement, but Joe refused. They pointed out how foolish he was to accept a 50-50 split with Walcott, but Joe replied:

"You may think that, but prizefighting is a most uncertain business. One punch on the right spot and you've lost."

So Joe split 50-50 with Walcott and it proved a good business deal.

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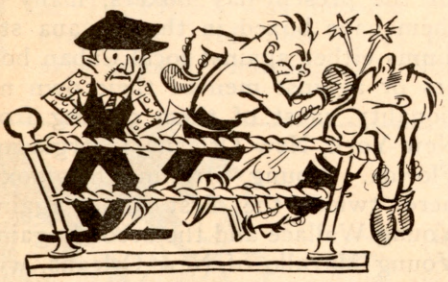
THE SONG AND DANCE

(*Continued from page 4*)

"Well, maybe!" the boxer said, noncommitally.

But he did not. Several times he rocked the Englishman, and through-



He battered Rays along the ropes.

out he gave him a most complete boxing lesson. But he did not seem to be trying to put over the knockout.

"He can do it any time he wants to," muttered the Commission chief to himself. "He's got two more, and if he doesn't do it, that six months goes. Although I hate to do it."

Still, with the ninth round slipping past, Red made no effort to put his man away.

During the rest period, his manager remonstrated with him.

"Do it this time. Do it quick," he urged. "It's six months idle for us if you don't."

"I will!"

Red sprang from the stool and rushed with sudden viciousness to the center of the ring to shake hands for the final round. Then, like a leashed tiger, he sprang at his opponent. A series of whiplike lefts rocked the Englishman's head backwards. A quick shift and a right jolt sent him reeling. Rays fell forward into a clinch.

"I suppose you want me to let you stay," Red whispered.

"Stay hell!" came the response. "Put me away, if you can!"

Again and again Red rocked his man, never letting him fully recover from his dazedness, but, somehow, missing the greatest opening for a finishing blow by a hair's-breadth. He battered Rays along the ropes, but the Englishman did not go down. Punches rained on his gloves, but only an occasional one shot through to the face or the body.

"Damned if I can tell whether he's trying to do it or not," old Letz informed himself.

Then, in a clinch, Red worked around so that he faced the timekeeper. He could almost bend down and touch him.

"How much time?" he queried.

The timekeeper's lips moved.

"Twenty!" was the word they formed.

Carefully Red counted five, slowly, surely to himself. Then he reached out with a left, pawed the waving Englishman's guard aside and let fly his right. The punch landed fairly on the "button." Rays lurched forward, swayed and then slid against the ropes. He grasped at one, released it and sank to the canvas.

In unison with the time-keeper, the referee tolled off the seconds.

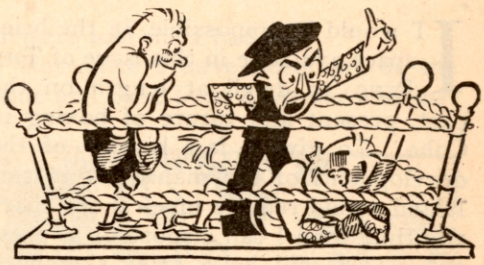
"Seven-eight-nine-ten!" he counted, and as he did the great boom of the gong signalled the end of the fight.

"Two minutes and fifty-nine seconds of the tenth round," the announcer boomed a few minutes later.

"By one second," said Old Man Letz, grimly.

"Whew! That was close," breathed Harry Croutch.

"Had to be," Red informed him. "You go and pick out the only limey that ever did me a favor, and what could a guy do? I had to carry him along as far as I could."



Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

A NEW SERIES

By James K. McGuinness

Whose laughable Adventures of Kid Socko so greatly entertained readers of THE RING when they appeared in this magazine.

The new series is even more whimsical and humorous than the Socko one. It presents an entirely new character in the world of boxing—one that guarantees a hearty laugh in almost every sentence.

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In its desire to serve the public regardless of cost, THE RING has added to its highly efficient staff of well-known sporting writers, Charles F. Mathison. Mr. Mathison is the dean of New York boxing experts. For many years he was the boxing critic of the New York Press, the New York Globe, the New York Sun-Herald, and New York Herald, and now is one of the most capable judges on the staff of the New York State Boxing Commission.

Mr. Mathison, in addition to writing in his entertaining style on famous fights he has seen in his thirty-five years as a newspaper reporter, will discuss problems uppermost in the topics of the day in pugilism. His first article will appear in the Christmas issue.

THE RING has also added to its big staff, Paul Robinson, as staff cartoonist. Mr. Robinson is a regular contributor to "Life."

WHEN BULLIES RULED THE GAME

(*Continued from page 5*)

section of the country kept close guard against more contests and both Kelly and Parkinson were prevented from fighting for many moons thereafter because of this affair.

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Cuba and Its Athletes

By FERNANDO GIL

Official Judge appointed by the Cuban Boxing Commission

IT would be impossible, in the brief space available in this issue of THE RING, to dwell at length on the past, present and future of boxing in Cuba. To give a fair history of the development of the manly art in this Island would require much more space and time than I can dispose of at present. This will be a brief sketch of what can be expected of the Cuban young man in the near future, judged from past and present performances of some of the athletes who have placed Cuba on the world's athletic map.

Cuba is not only abreast with the times in her commercial development as the largest cane sugar producing country in the world; she is also the greatest producer of first class all round athletes south of the Rio Grande. Cuba is the proud mother of the champion chess player of the world, the young and marvelous Capablanca, who is a master athlete with his brains.

In baseball, this year's record of the great Adolfo Luque in the National League is so fresh in the public mind that it is obviously unnecessary to comment upon it. Over thirty Cuban baseball players are under contract to report to the major and minor leagues for duty next year.

In billiards, Alfredo del Oro toured the world with his championship crown and every billiard parlor of Havana is filled every night with immense crowds to witness tournaments by local champions who are aspirants to higher international honors.

Fencing is a sport in which not very long ago a group of young professors met the best of them in New York and returned to Cuba with enviable honors. Ramon Fonst, master of masters, as he is called by all the foil artists here, has an international reputation. He will some day cross his steel with the best of them in Europe.

In the squared ring, Cuba is making such wonderful progress that it was found necessary in December, 1921, to form the Cuban National Boxing Commission which comes under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior. To get an idea of the hold this branch of athletics has taken on the Cuban, young and old men and women, suffice it to say that a number of divorce cases have come up before the courts where the wife's complaint is "neglect," attributed to the young or old husband spending most of his time at the training quarters of boxers or at the ringside.

But the solution of some of these family squabbles is still more interesting if we consider the sporting spirit of some of the magistrates decreeing that boxing is a legitimate right of a husband which places him in a position to properly defend his wife without the use of other weapons than those endowed upon him by nature, his fists, and adding, that the wife should accompany the husband to such enter-

Augustin Parla, one of the leading referees in Cuba. He was the first Cuban aviator to enlist in the World War and served overseas.

tainments and thus divide such pleasures fifty-fifty.

Every fair sized city or town in Cuba has its athletic club with a ring pitched in the open or a public stadium with seating capacity up to ten thousand. In Havana there are two stadiums: the Arena Colon and the Stadium de Marina, where a bout takes place every Saturday night and sometimes also on Sundays.

Some of the best men of the ring have boxed in Havana. Jack Johnson lost the world's championship in 1915 at the Cuban race track.

Other celebrities have boxed here. Harry Wills, Jack Britton, Gunboat Smith, Battling Jim Johnson, Sam MacVea have been seen in local rings. Of the present-day boxers, many of them have boxed in the Havana stadiums either against local Cuban boxers or against men of their own nationality, most of them coming from New York, New Orleans, Georgia and Florida. Young Stribling has boxed here twice, the first time against Young Wallace and the second against Young Marullo of New Orleans, winning both fights decisively. There is talk now about bringing him down for a return match with McTigue. Stribling has a great following in Havana on account of his gentlemanly behavior in and out of the ring during his two trips to this country.

The City of Havana and the majority of the larger cities in Cuba are giving special attention to the development of the fistic art. Every Cuban newspaper has a sporting section devoted exclusively to boxing under the direction of very capable sporting writers.

Cuba has her champions in every division, having been crowned by the process of elimination. Championship bouts are held periodically as aspirants become eligible for such honors. It is logically to be expected that in not a distant future, when the Cuban boxers become more seasoned and acquire ring generalship, which is obtainable only by hard knocks and experience, that they will be taken notice of by the American promoters.

This belief is based on the fact that the Cuban has proven he possesses the indispensable requirements of an athlete in the strict sense of the word. He is quick in action, determined, has a good eye, he is naturally strong and courageous, assimilates punishment wonderfully, will accept advice readily and is always ready to try. With such a remarkable prime material it is not difficult to forecast a great boxing future for the Cuban young man. They have proven their calibre in other branches of sports. Why not in the ring?

American boxing promoters should take note of the above and bring some of their bouts to Havana, where they will find a fan in every other individual they meet on the streets. They should remember that there is no snow or sleet here and that the climate is a paradise all the year around. Managers of boxers will find the City of Havana the most attractive place for

(*Continued on page* 9)

Jim Jeffries Becomes "Humanized"

By LEACH CROSS

JIM JEFFRIES has become an evangelist. Jeff now is, as he says himself, "humanized." Not long ago he was chatting of the old days before and during the time he held the world's heavyweight championship.

Peevishness!

"Do you know," said Jeff, "I used to be a grouchy sort of fellow when I was champion. Even before that I always sulked, as my trainers used to tell me. Folks couldn't quite get 'close' to me.

"But it wasn't because I was sulky. Not at all. It was because I was bashful. Yes, sir, just plain bashful. I had been brought up among silent folks who didn't turn much towards conversation or having large lists of acquaintances. When I was tossed into the public arena it was all so new to me that I couldn't quite make it out.

"When folks wanted to meet me I couldn't understand why it was. I never got used to having folks around, though I guess I was agreeable enough at times. When I was training it used to get my goat to have any one around, though I stood for it when my advisers told me I had to.

"But since I have been out of the game and have been a farmer and just an ordinary person, I have come to be 'humanized.'"

Friendship

CUBAN ATHLETES

(*Continued from page* 8)

their business outside of the United States.

As I am writing about the boxing situation in Cuba, it might be interesting to know who is who in the official branch of the game. The following list gives the names of the various officials under whose direction boxing is conducted.

National Boxing Commission—Senator Col. Rosendo Collazo y Garcia, president Bernardo Valdez Lopez, secretary; Major Augusto W. York, treasurer; Gen. Pablo Mendieta y Montefur; Frederico Mora Valdes, attorney; Dr. Ramon Ebra y Santos, Major Ramon Fonst y Segundo, Gustavo Sanchez Bustamante.

Doctors of the Commission—Benigno Sousa, Gonzalo Arostegui, Luis F. Lipa, Victor M. Perez Lerena, Cesar Fuentes Rodriguez, A. Broderman, Cesar Cuellar del Rio and Capt. Arturo Sansores.

Promoters Licensed by the Commission—Santos y Artigas, Sam T. Tolon, Clodomiro Castro Romay, Luis F. Gutierrez, Francisco Navas Marquez, Jose M. Gaicoya y Diaz, Santiago Fernandez and Miguel A. Sordo.

Referees—Fernando Rios y Cupul, Augustin Parla y Orduna and Frank A. Fowler.

Timekeepers — Francisco Valmana Riera and Juan P. Larrousse Gueredigga.

Announcers—Jose Hernandez Rodriguez and Francisco Vilahu Martinez.

With the exception of the members of the Commission, every official mentioned above is licensed and bonded for the proper fulfillment of their respective duties.

The following is a list of the sporting writers who have contributed most successfully to the development of boxing in Cuba: Guillermo Pi, Rafael and Jose (Pepe) Conte, brothers; Hilario and Julio Franquiz, brothers; Joe Masaguer, Horacio Roqueta, Emilio R. Villamil, Miguel A. Hernandez and others.

The Ring's Compilation of Champions Throughout the World

World Champions	Heavyweight	Light-Heavyweight	Middleweight	Welterweight	Lightweight	Featherweight	Bantamweight	Flyweight
	Dempsey	McTigue	Greb	Walker	Leonard	Dundee	Lynch	Villa
Country								
America	Dempsey	Tunney	Greb	Walker	Leonard	Kilbane	Lynch	Genaro
England	Beckett	Bloomfield	Todd	Lewis	Mason	Fox	Lake	Wilde
France	Siki	Morelle	Charles	Porcher	Bretonnel	Criqui	Ledoux	Gleizes
Belgium	Van Humbeck	Julios	Devos	Hobin	Germain	Wyns	Scillie	Montreuil
Holland	Van Der Veer	Westbroeck	Westbroeck	Van derHoff	Van derHoff	Van Vliet	Van Dyke	(Vacant)
Italy	Spalla	Contro	Bruno	Bosisio	Sarboni	(Vacant)	Bosetti	Marzorati
Germany	Breittenstraeter	Buckzum	Prenzel	(Vacant)	Naujocks	Sasse	Grass	Kohler
Spain	Teixidor	Molero	Carlos	Haas	Zaldwar	Miro	(Vacant)	Ferrand
Switzerland	Clement	Clement	Baechli	Maestrini	Baas	Simeth	(Vacant)	(Vacant)
Australia	Ern Waddy	Ern Waddy	Tommny Uren	Fred Kay	Hughey Dwyer	Ernie Baxter	Jimmy Semmens	George Mendies
Europe	Carpentier (France)	McTigue (Ireland)	Todd (England)	Hobin (Belgium)	Mason (England)	Criqui (France)	Lake (England)	Montreuil (Belgium)
Orient	.....	.....	.....	I. Flores (Philippines)	S. Jaminito (Philippines)	T. Pandong (Philippines)	P. Sarmiento (Philippines)	F. Conception (Philippines)

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"Spider Frankie" Jerome

How the Youthful Lunch Wagon Tender Was Tamed

By Permission of Press Publishing Co., New York City

FOR a long time Frankie Jerome, surnamed the Spider, was the clown of pugilism, a boxer who could be counted on to do a lot of jumping and crazy capering in the ring, a furious fellow whose fantastic, waving swings got laughs, but a futile comedian who was not to be considered for the serious business of effective fighting. To-day the Spider is one of the most workman-like boxers, a fighter with unceasing motion, an almost austere driver of punches, with as much horror for waste motion as an efficiency expert. He advances slowly upon his man, his spider-like arms poised curiously before him, and, as openings offer, drives his blows with simple shattering directness. He is at the top among bantams, and is regarded as a likely successor to Joe Lynch, the champion. Jerome to-day is one of the biggest drawing cards in New York, the greatest boxing center in the world.

Certainly, this is, on the first film of the surface, a spectacular reformation, but the metamorphosis of the pugilistic cut-up into a serious fighter can be understod properly only by an investigation into the depths of levity into which he had previously descended. Now, Frankie Jerome was tough. He still is tough.

"I was an altar boy at St. Jerome's in the Bronx." The Spider, small featured and scarred pugilistically, sat getting into his fighting togs, narrated. "But Father Ryan threw me off the altar—because I was so tough.

"He was the finest man in town, Father Ryan. He kept a gym for us kids, and he was fast with the gloves and had a punch. He taught me how to box. I got my first fight when I was fifteen, and the boys said I should box under the name of the church—my right name is Dougherty. That's how I became Frankie Jerome. And it's a good name."

The Spider waved his hand in a gesture of dock-front emphasis. "St. Jerome was a great saint. He always won."

He went on, relating the wild unregeneration of his early fighting days.

Outside of the old Fairmount Club —of formidable memory—stood one of those inelegant lunch wagons that you used to see and where you knew you had better not start anything. This lunch wagon was patronized by the hard-boiled, and was tended by a youth whose disposition was less gentle and manner less mild than those of any other counterman who ever threw beans, pie and the java. He was our acquaintance, Frankie Jerome, now in the first aspect of his career. His relation to boxing was this: Every time a fighter failed to appear for his bout at the Fairmont Club one of the management would repair to the lunch wagon.

"Hey, Spider, how'd you like to make a couple o' dollars?" he would announce.

"Coming!" And Frankie Jerome would lock up the wagon and go in and fight.

His style of fighting was singular. He was so tough that once he got into the ring he was obsessed with the instinct to clean up. He would rush at his opponent as though subduing a bellicose customer in his lunch wagon.

His arms would fly like a pair of bricks whirled on the ends of a rope, and if he hit the other fellow, the other fellow went out. But the Spider learned no boxing subtlety in this way, and for all his constant fighting made no progress.

Other boxers told him to quit trying to spar like an electric fan, but his disposition to tear the ring up remained invincible. After a while his antics became so popular that he quit the lunch wagon and went touring as a fighting fool. This gained him a moderate income, and he became more firmly wedded than ever to his free-for-all style of fisticuffs.

From the untamed depths of his nature he developed a punch the like of which no other boxer had ever used. It was a swing, and it was wilder than seven generations of wildcats. It began at the floor, made a tremendous overhead curve and descended at high speed in the direction of the opponent's head. This swing became famous in boxing rings. Fight fans shouted for it, gave it a cheer when they saw it starting. Frankie Jerome thought it the greatest punch in the world, and it was—whenever it landed, only it didn't land often.

"I wasn't getting anywhere," the Spider related, "but then I got into the army. Now the way the army ran a war was not with back-breaking swings. I began to do everything more regular. I began to box more regular. The army rubbed off a lot of my toughness. The army made me serious."

The final stroke of his conversion came with a piece of understanding, with a sound comprehension of the profound merits of that very cornerstone of boxing—the straight right-hand punch. The Spider returned to fighting when he got out of the army. His disposition was changed, but still he had no instrument of knockouts save his prodigious overhead swing.

Then a gymnasium mate, a subtle practitioner of sparring, expounded tc him the science of the straight right-hand punch, driven hard and clean. The Spider took the instruction with the eagerness of a militarily chastened nature.

He loved that wild tiger swing. It was so pulverizing when it landed, only it didn't often land. But he turned his eyes firmly upon the light, and cultivated the straight right-hand punch, until now he has one that darts to the jaw with the swiftness and sureness of a boarding house fork at the last potato.

That is how Frankie Jerome has become a serious fighter, and a—wonderful drawing card.

Jerome, who was recently taken in tow by Billy Gibson, mentor for lightweight champion Benny Leonard, has been going like a house afire since the inception of the Walker Law. He has fought 98 battles since starting his career in 1919. Of these he has scored 25 knockouts, won 33 decisions, fought 20 no-decision contests, drew in 13 battles and lost 7 times. He never has been knocked out.

Lou Brix, well known in boxing circles, first saw the possibilities in Frankie and took him under his wing. He still handles Frankie's affairs. He signed Jerome when Frankie was only 16 years old. Brix and many other New Yorkers think Jerome is one of the best drawing cards in the state. His recent bout in the Garden, in which he fought a sensational draw with Carl Duane, drew a capacity house. The bout was one of the best seen in the famous arena in years.

The Bronx is proud of Frankie Jerome, and well may it be.

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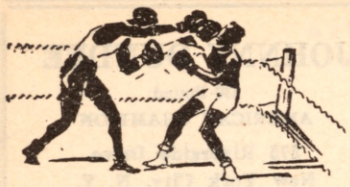


As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING

Solving a Difficult Problem

AS the year is rapidly drawing to a close, boxing fans are realizing more and more that the defense of championships no longer is uppermost in the minds of those who have gained the topmost rung of the ladder.

The day when title holders were ever ready to accept the challenges hurled at them by the backers of contenders is gone.

The day when a champion took great pride in accepting the defi of a worthy opponent, is a thing of the past.

To-day, a champion studies how best he can avoid the challenges of contenders. His sole desire seems to be to fight often for big purses, but not with a boxer who is conceded a possible chance of victory.

Almost without exception this seems to be the case throughout this country. Going down the line from Dempsey to Pancho Villa, we find, with the possible exception of Benny Leonard, that every champion has repeatedly ignored challenges from the leaders of his division, but was ever ready to accept a match with an opponent who, from the start, was acknowledged so far his inferior that experts without a dissenting voice recorded the bout as easy sailing for the champion, even before the contestants entered the ring.

* * *

WHAT remedy is there for a situation which, beyond a doubt, needs a master hand to check?—is the topic of the day. Even so expert a hand as William Muldoon, chairman of the New York State Boxing Board, finds himself and his able colleagues, Col. Phelan and William McCormick, so puzzled that a hurry call is sent to the New York newspapermen to come to the sanctum of the Commission and lend a helping hand to untangle the mess.

In reviewing the fistic situation in New York, the center of boxing in the world, one is struck with a rather ridiculous record of champions being dethroned by Mr. Muldoon's Board, new champions created, and the old champions again restored to proper standing in the community after being reinstated, thereby leaving the newly created title holder out freezing in the cold.

The situation reached so ludicrous a stage when Joe Burman was declared champion in the bantam class, only to lose his "crown" four hours later to Abe Goldstein in Madison Square Garden, that the Commission, realizing it was being held up to ridicule, decided to check the distribution of championships by acknowledging to a disgruntled public that its system was a poor one and that with the aid of the scribes a system would be adopted which would remedy the root of the evil and at the same time compel champions either to defend their crowns against legitimate challengers or accept the penalty of a long term suspension.

* * *

National Federation the Best Remedy

TO our way of thinking, the remedy suggested by Mr. McCormick, who knows boxing from A to Z and is a highly efficient executive, is a good one, but not the equal of the only thorough way of handling a situation that requires the rule of a strong man. This remedy lies in the New York State Boxing Board joining the National Boxing Federation, or if this be objectionable, as Mr. Muldoon declares it is, then in the formation of a new Federation. Such body not only could then have a National code that would take care of those who ignore proper challenges and go barnstorming to pick up a little change here and there by meeting fourth and fifth-raters, but could also strengthen its position by becoming a member of the International Federation of Europe.

Such action would almost overnight check the present abuse and lead to cleaner sport, better sport and a more healthy field of competition than we have had in the past decade.

* * *

Where the Pocket Would Suffer

IF a champion knows that he is barred in his home state and that an affiliation with a National organization automatically suspends him from earning a living in any other state in the Union, it is dollars to doughnuts that he will acknowledge his error, mend his ways, and defend his crown against all comers.

There is nothing that hurts a boxer more than to know that money is being taken from him. He feels this sting even harder than he will the sting of a good blow. Take away his earning powers and the champion will, to use the vernacular, "eat out of the Commission's hands."

We again reiterate, the remedy adopted by William Muldoon and William McCormick is very good, but not good enough. A National organization is needed if the abuse is to be wiped out entirely.

* * *

Dearth of Good Welters and Middleweights

THIS year has been a most active one for the boys in the flyweight, bantam, featherweight and lightweight class, but an exceptionally poor one for the welterweight and middleweight divisions. And why? Because the men at the head of these divisions showed such a lack of interest that the class itself suffered as a result of the lethargy of the man at the helm.

In the case of the middleweights, the muddle caused by the long suspension of Johnny Wilson, the poor calibre of the pretenders to the crown who, in class, were on a par with the champion, who at his best was only a mediocre fighter, brought about a state that bordered on the chaotic. First one champion was crowned, then another, then a third who claimed half of the title, then a fourth claimant in Jock Malone, and finally the reinstatement of Wilson and his subsequent defeat at the hands of Harry Greb, who is not a middleweight at all, has brought about a loss of interest that is simply appalling when one considers the wonderfully scientific boxers and great hitters who ruled this division only a few years ago.

When Stanley Ketchell was shot and killed by Walter Dibley at Conway, Mo., on October 15, 1910, it seemed that the middleweight class died also. There has not been a title holder since Ketchell's death who has been worth his salt, and it seems that as the years roll by the crop becomes worse and worse.

The O'Dowds, Rosenbergs, Grebs, Wilsons, Bogashes, Reeds, Robsons, Loughrans and Tunneys, compared to the great Stanley and others who ruled the class prior to him, are only third-raters. While the boys in the lighter weights are coming out in droves and from this crop of youths several are being develolped who compare favorably with many of the old-timers, the middleweights and welterweights are almost at a standstill.

It is too bad that such should be the case, but we might as well face the facts. In the welterweight class, with

Mickey Walker on the shelf in his own state and in New York State, due to suspensions, there isn't a real fighter in the division, with the possible exception of Dave Shade, who, despite his dull fight with Billy Wells of England, can do much better if he meets an opponent who shows any class at all. It is little wonder the old-timers keep sending in their letters to THE RING asking: "Where are the Walcotts, Ryans, Mysterious Billy Smiths, Ferns, McCoys, Baldwins and others?"

* * *

IN speaking of Mickey Walker, we feel that the Jersey Boxing Board acted too hastily when it suspended the welterweight champion for a period of half a year for failure to be in proper condition and fight properly when he met Jimmy Jones in a recent Newark bout. Our opinion is based upon the admission of Chairman Bugbee, who, after listening to the defense of Walker after the champion pleaded his right to a hearing, decided the punishment of one year suspension, originally meted out to him, was too great, and reduced it by half.

This in itself proves that Walker was not deserving of any suspension at all. There were many New York boxing critics at the ringside who doubted the wisdom of the suspension on the ground that Walker, with an injury, fought the best he could, and gave the fans all that was in him. We were not present, hence must judge by the opinion of others, but we take the word of George B. Underwood, fight expert of the New York Evening Telegram, that Walker fought a good battle and there was not the slightest reason for the bout being stopped, Walker suspended, and the purse turned over to charity.

* * *

WHILE protecting Walker so far as his actions in the ring in his bout with Jones is concerned, we cannot, in justice to the sport which enabled him to win a championship, drop the subject without remarking that as a champion he has not treated the sport properly. Walker won his title from a real champion, Jack Britton, a man who fought often and gave every legitimate challenger a chance to win the crown. But we cannot say the same of Mickey.

Since winning the title, he has steered clear of every challenge from a real contender in a bout where a decision could be rendered, and as such he has lost whatever sympathy he might have received through his present predicament were he a popular title holder.

* * *

"Tham" Langford Will not "Retiah"

ONE of the newspaper men down South asked Sam Langford if, now that he must know he isn't as good a fighter as he was, he intends to retire from the ring.

"Say," said Sam, "how yo' get that way? Does a tennis player retiah 'cause he's beaten? No, sah!

"Do they send a race horse out to pasture 'cause he loses two or three races?

"Do yo' quit playin' billiards 'cause yo's beaten once in awhile?

"Why should Ah retire when Ah can whip so many more men than can whip me?

"To stop a punch once in awhile doesn't hurt me. When everybody's whippin' me then Ah's goin' to retiah.

"But Ah's not goin' to quit so long as theah's so many dubs that think they's good."

At that, we hate to think what Sam would do to the majority of the present crop of berries were Sam in his prime.

* * *

Now Comes Walcott

SPEAKING of Sam Langford, it is interesting to note that still another negro—Joe Walcott, the famous Barbadoes Demon—has declared himself in favor of stepping into the ring for just one more fight.

Joe's fighting career, old-timers recall, was terminated at a dance one night when somebody shot him through the hand.

Ever since then Joe has been working in Boston on the docks and at other odd jobs. Hearing of Sam Langford's fight in Mexico recently, Walcott burst forth with the following remarks:

"Ah got only one hand now, Ah know, and Ah's old, too, but Ah don't think that, old as Ah am, Ah need more than one hand to whip some of these welterweights we have now.

"Ah'd like to fight just once more, just once, and Ah wouldn't ask no money, no sah; Ah'd just like to show some of these youngah fellows how the old-timers could fight."

* * *

Answers "Ring" Criticism

IN re the editorial in these columns in the last issue on the "Firpo-Dempsey fight," the writer has received several letters of protest on his statement that the fight films were cut to remove that portion of the film showing three New York newspapermen pushing Dempsey back into the ring in direct violation of the boxing rules. One of these letters, printed below, is from Leon D. Britton, who filmed the fight and has taken pictures of some of the greatest battles in America. Mr. Britton declares his prestige has been hurt by the writer's statement, and asks for a retraction.

From our acquaintance with Mr. Britton we can assure the public he is an honest, upright gentleman of the highest character, and that he personally would not stoop to deceit. Mr. Britton declares the film was not cut and that the only reason the portion above referred to does not show is the fact that Dempsey was out of range of the camera's focus when he was put through the ropes by Firpo. We accept Mr. Britton's explanation and gladly print his letter in full. The letter follows:

"I was very much surprised when I picked up the last edition of the RING and read in the story of the Dempsey-Firpo fight, that you state that the picture was cut on official orders from Jack Kearns.

"I do not suppose you realize that this is not either just or fair to any of the parties connected with the fight or picture, and I have had several letters from various people regarding this matter.

"For your own benefit, and I believe for the good of those interested in the RING, you should retract that statement, as I have not seen Jack Kearns from the day previous to the fight, and I have never received any official orders from anyone to cut the picture. Neither did I cut the picture.

"I explained through the newspapers (and you had same published in the *N. Y. Evening Telegram,* of which you are sporting editor) why Dempsey could not be seen when outside of the ring, owing to the fact that it was dark and impossible to photograph outside of an illuminated area.

"You will realize that this magazine going into South America will cause quite a reflection upon me, due to your statement that I had taken orders from Kearns to cut the picture for his benefit.

"I hope that you look upon this matter in the same light that I do, and I'm certain you are sportsman enough to do so."

* * *

Boxing in Pennsylvania

WE congratulate the State of Pennsylvania for its foresight in passing legislation legalizing boxing. The sport will be a big gainer by the action of the Keystone State legislators, but the State of Pennsylvania will gain even more.

Boxing has reached the stage where it must be recognized by all states, and the only way in which the sport can be kept clear of scandal is by having a commission rule over it in every state where the sport is permitted. In the appointment of Billy Rocap, sports editor of the Philadelphia Ledger and former amateur boxer, Governor Pinchot hit a ten-strike. Rocap knows every angle of boxing, is a keen student of human nature, is an authority on all branches of sport, and should be able to place his state upon a high pedestal so far as boxing is concerned.

The passage of the bill legalizing the sport and authorizing the appointment of a commission of three, will be a keen disappointment to high-class boxers who found Phil-

(*Continued on page* 25)

Nation Without Boxing at Mercy of Its Enemies

By JACK SKELLY

WE all know what boxing did to instill into the soldiers and sailors of France, England, Italy, Australia, Canada and this country, the fine gallant battling spirit, so that when they came to desperate hand-to-hand fighting, especially with the Germans and Austrians, the latter invariably took it on the run.

Our Yankee boys, who became more or less skilful in a few months' training in the various camps in the manly art, rather surprised the world by their wonderful, dashing pluck and gruelling fighting. They even amazed the former Kaiser and took the heart and soul out of him and made him quit cold.

But quite some thrilling tales have been and will be told in history about the scrapping courage and ability of our American warriors, who acquired their fighting skill and spirit from practical schooling in the manly art.

I have for years declared (yes, ten years before the big war) that a nation to keep on top and protect itself from any foreign foes, should foster and encourage boxing from the boys in the elementary public schools to the students of the highest grade universities.

We can go back to ancient Greece and Rome and take lessons from these once powerful nations in their physical development and efficiency. In their day they ruled and conquered almost the whole world. Why? Because they encouraged the fistic art with other red-blooded manly games.

In writing of these antique pastimes Cartoonist Ripley says:

"They were the foundation of the life and empires of ancient Greece and Rome, and made possible the triumph of Greece over Asia and of Rome over the world. They were of paramount importance. This was further increased by the solemnity which attended them, and especially by the fact that the Grecian method of reckoning time was based upon them and their regular occurrence.

"The Greek idea was that the body of man had a glory as well as the intellect and spirit. They realized that the vitality and strength of the individual body was the base of the vitality and strength of the state. The empires of Greece and Rome lasted only as long as the Olympic games. No longer."

Some twenty-five years ago that champion after-dinner speaker, former U. S. Senator Chauncey M. Depew, made a big hit with yours truly when he spoke as follows at a banquet given at Delmonico's in New York:

"I have read with some interest lately the writings of a philosopher who sometimes approaches the truth, that this year can mark the march of civilization of a race or a decadence by the interest which any nationality takes in pugilism.

"Then it is said that the civilization of the East is a despotism because they have no pugilism. Ireland can never be crushed, no matter what her adversity, for among her sons there are not only men of eloquence and genius, but great pugilists. And England, too, with her literature and progress, has also some good pugilists. But when we come to the home of genius and culture in American Boston we find the great pugilist.

"Now that philosopher was right on the general principle, but wrong in the case. Civilization is marked, and has been in all ages by interest in the manly art. As long as Greece preserved her Olympian games she retained her inhabitants. When one died the other died.

"As long as Rome followed the Greek idea, and kept up the sports of the arena, she retained that interest in all that preserves freedom and makes liberty possible. When these ceased Roman liberty disappeared. So today the nations of the world which are most interested in manly sports are the English speaking race, and they are the nearest people to freedom in their institutions."

It is rather strange indeed how two bright minds like those of the veteran Senator and the young brilliant cartoonist should express the same thought some twenty-five years apart. I know Ripley has never seen or heard of the old statesman's speech before, and I accidentally came across it recently in my achives of old clippings, but like good wine it seems to have improved with age, and it adds some strength to my argument in favor of universal, scientific boxing.

I'm delighted to see that Uncle Sam has taken practical and proper steps for the advancement of the manly art in the army. Schools of instruction for boxing are now held throughout the Eastern Department of the United States Army, and at every other camp throughout the country.

Specially qualified men, selected for their experience in boxing, train a selected number of men, so that they may return to their respective stations and teach the manly art to others.

The first school organized two years ago was made up of men reporting from the posts and stations comprising the coast defenses of Southern New York, Sandy Hook, Eastern New York, Long Island Sound, Fort Jay and Fort Wood, N. Y. These schools are encouraged by the highest officials in the army, men who realize the advantages such training have.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Ring, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1923.

State of New York } ss.:
County of New York }

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Evening Telegram Building, New York City; editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Evening Telegram Building, New York City; managing editor, none; business manager, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Evening Telegram Building, New York City.

2. That the owners are: The Ring, Inc., Evening Telegram Building, New York City; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Evening Telegram Building, New York City; Frank E. Coultry, Evening Telegram Building, New York City; John L. Dorgan, Evening Telegram Building, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, Mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

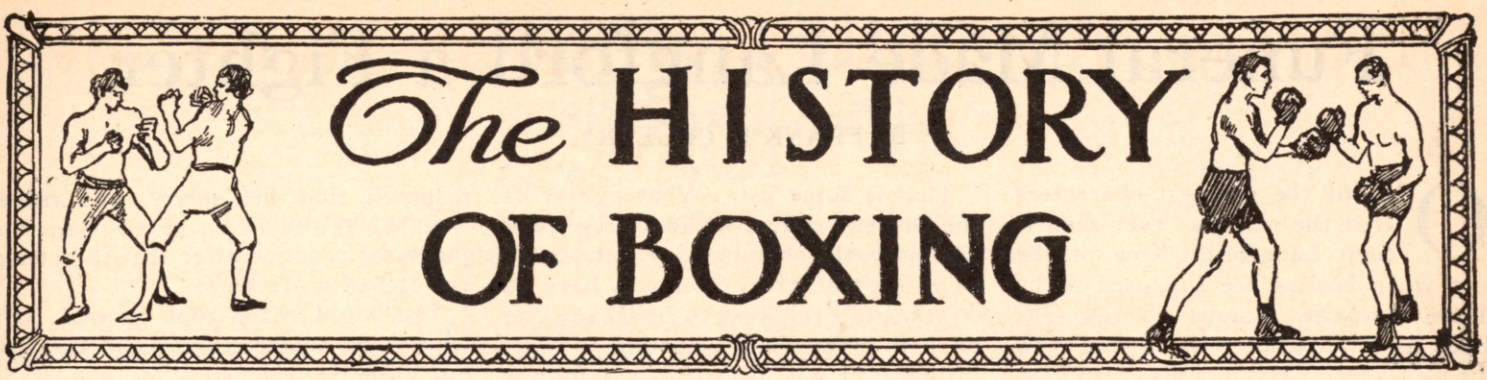
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1923.

MARIE R. CROSBY.

(My Commission expires January 16, 1925.)



Tom Oliver in Fighting Game at 45—Tom Hickman the Dempsey of Century Ago

By NAT FLEISCHER

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CHAPTER 22

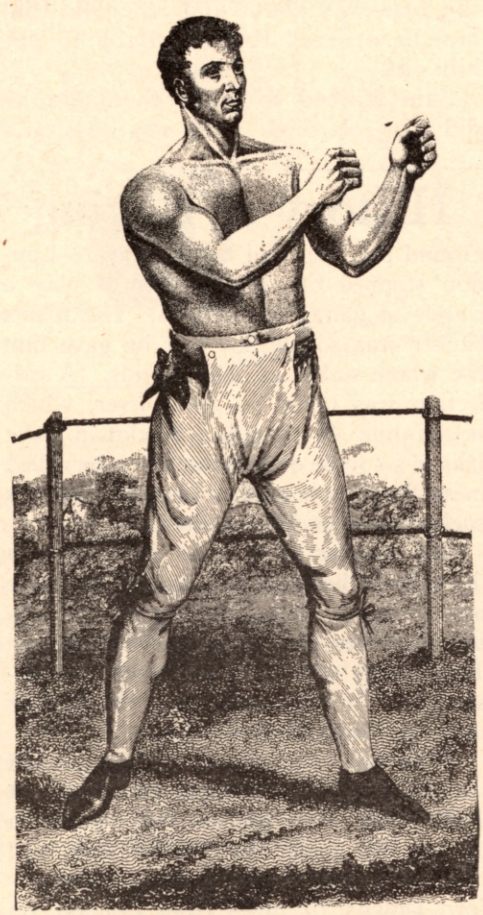
TOM OLIVER, "Commissary General of the Prize Ring," whose chief battles were described in the previous installment, was a fighter who thought that he still had a fight left in him when long past the age when most athletes have retired. He was 45 years old when he had his last ring engagement. This came about as the result of a lot of bantering between him and "Uncle Ben" Burn, who was also an old stager.

At the "Queen's Head," Windmill Street, Haymarket, the fistic fraternity used to gather to talk of old times, and the new aspirants for honors were nightly

Thomas Hickman, the Gas Light Man

visitors to listen to the gossip of the ring. For a long time "Uncle Ben" had amused himself and others by disparaging remarks of Tom's "wooden fighting." Finally the two were egged on and Ben produced his pouch and offered to post a deposit to meet the veteran in battle array.

Everyone but the two old heroes took the matter as a joke, but they were very serious about it. After a couple of interruptions by the police the stakes were eventually pitched at Hampton and the two old gladiators had it out for six rounds, which lasted 24 minutes. Oliver had been a sufferer from gout and was not so nimble as he once was, but he was thoroughly game and put up a great fight.



Bill Neat, the Bristol Idol

That was his "last bumper at parting." He lived to the ripe old age of 75.

In this era of the ring "the degenerate days," as some have termed it, the fighters seemed to be a generous lot, if you can believe contemporary historians. To be sure there were a few bad eggs, as there always are in any profession, but most of the "pugs" of a century ago were well respected upon their retirement and lived quiet lives. Just as in the modern days of the ring, the fighters were ever ready to respond with their services for any worthy charity. It seems funny to us of the twentieth century where a loser like Carpentier received $200,000 to read of a winner of 100 years ago being praised for his generosity for visiting his opponent the morning after battle and presenting him with a pound note.

Tom Oliver

There were a lot of great fighters contemporary of this time. One of the most picturesque and at the same time one of the quickest finishers of his time was Thomas Hickman ("The Gas Man"), a Worcestershire product.

In reading of his battles one can picture him as a Jack Dempsey of a century ago. He prided himself that his attack was irresistible, and that it could paralyze the

(*Continued on page* 16)

Funeral Made Langford a Fighter

By FRANK E. COULTRY

ONE of the greatest characters that the ring has ever seen is Sam Langford. Now at the age when boxers are supposed to be dead ones the famous Boston Tar Baby is still earning his living with his fists. Bob Fitzsimmons carried on pretty well after he had passed his thirtieth year, but even the great Cornishman never had as many fights as has the negro. Sam had everything that is needed to make a champion, but he never did get the chance to gain a title.

No boxer that we can recall has ever had a record to equal Sam's. Like Georges Carpentier he fought in every class from featherweight to heavy. Twenty years of boxing and still going is a mark that few have ever attained.

In his first six months of fistics up around Boston Sam had at least 100 ring engagements, twenty of them as an amateur. These do not appear in his record. When he was in his prime he met such great fighters as Joe Walcott, Joe Jeannette, Jack Johnson, Stanley Ketchel, Sam McVey, Jim Flynn, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Jack Blackburne and Harry Wills.

That is some list. What fighter of the present day, even including Jack Dempsey, the champion, can match it? In this great array you will have to do some tall thinking to recall any one of them giving Sam a beating.

Langford got his start as a fighter in a Boston saloon when he was only sixteen years old. At that time he weighed only 120 pounds and was little more than five feet tall.

His boss had to attend a funeral one morning and as business was not very brisk in the early hours of the day he left Sam to take charge of the thirst quenching establishment.

A six foot, 200 pound Irishman strolled into the saloon and ordered a schooner of beer. When he downed that he had another to keep it company and then refused to cough up.

Sam tried the best he could to get the money and was arguing with the customer when the boss arrived. Sam's employer asked him what all the fuss was about and when he told him he ordered the Tar Baby to put him out.

Sam started to work then and he did his job with such neatness and dispatch that his salary was raised from $1.00 a week to $5.00. Sam had plenty of practice after that in getting rid of bad customers.

The night after that funeral Sam entered an amateur show and knocked out three opponents. The Tar Baby kept on fighting amateurs and won 200 fights. Joe Woodman, who later became his manager, was promoting shows in a Boston theatre, and as he admired Sam's fighting skill he gave Langford his first professional fight.

Langford boxed around Boston for several years until the authorities arrested the promoters and contestants. Langford, afraid of being sent to prison, ran away to a lumber camp to avoid arrest and then took a boat and went to England.

It took Sam a long time to become a champion. The champion of Mexico doesn't mean much, still as Julius Caesar once said, "'Tis better to be first in a little Iberian village than to be second at Rome."

Funny it was a funeral that started Sam on his way when you recall how many he "knocked dead."

History of Boxing

(*Continued from page* 15)

defense of any man who faced him. His onslaught was terrific, and at one period it was thought by his admirers that no one could stand up before him.

In four successive fights "The Gas" stopped his men in less than three-quarters of an hour. He defeated Crawley in 13½ minutes; Cooper in 14½ and in 3, and Oliver in 12½. Such famous fighters of the time as Dutch Sam, the Phenonmenon; Big Ben, Jem Belcher, Tom Johnson, the Chicken, Tom Cribb, etc., never did anything like this.

In speed he came closest to Jem Belcher. He fought like a cyclone from the start and stormed his opponent with such a flurry of blows from the beginning and with such confidence that he had half the battle won with this asset. Hickman was considered somewhat of a boaster, but he delivered the goods, and when he won these four fights in jig time he considered himself invincible. He challenged all England, and said that he would give away a stone (14 pounds) to any man.

After he fought Oliver, who did not come to for nearly two hours, "The Gas" was so little hurt that he walked around the ring and on his way to London stopped off at Croydon to play a couple of games of billiards. Hickman's backer was so pleased that he gave him the whole stakes of 200 pounds. A collection was taken up for Oliver, which netted him 45 pounds. Hickman gave Oliver a couple of guineas when he called in at the Greyhound at Croydon and his backer gave him five guineas.

Just another instance of the little new there is in boxing, is a statement made by Hickman "that the bigger his opponents were the better he liked them." That surely sounds a lot like Bob Fitzsimmons' historic remark, "the bigger they are the 'arder they fall."

"The Gas" thought so well of himself that he boasted he thought he could beat Tom Cribb. His general defi was taken up by Bill Neat, the Bristol idol, and they were matched to meet on Hungerford Downs, 67 miles from London, on December 11, 1821. Hickman weighed 168 and Neat 196. "The Gas" went out in 18 rounds, which took 23½ minutes.

It was said that 150,000 pounds changed hands on this fight, which in our money would amount to about three-quarters of a million. In London and Bristol the streets about the public and sporting houses were crowded as if it were an election day. The fans in those days didn't get their news by radio, telephone or telegraph. They had to wait for a carrier pigeon to bring it. Neat met his Waterloo against Tom Spring when he broke his arm, and that ended him. He became a butcher in Bristol, where many stories of his prowess in felling the small Welsh cattle by a blow with a gauntlet glove between the eyes have been told. He died in 1858, in his 67th year.

Hickman was a roisterer and a heavy drinker. After his defeat he went on the down grade and his battles thereafter against minor opponents found him only the mere shell of the former great fighter. On returning from a bout between Hudson and Shelton at Harpendon his chaise was overturned and his head was crushed under the wheels, the famous "Gas" being snuffed out instantly.

We are now coming close to the time when instead of Americans like Richmond and Molineaus going over to England to fight the Britons began to come over to the United States.

Tad's Tidbits

That's Loyalty, Ain't It?

By TAD

(World-famous cartoonist and sports expert, whose work appears exclusively in the Hearst publications—used by permission in THE RING*)*

DODGE CITY!! IN THE DAYS OF REAL (?) SPORT!

FOR the benefit of those who have seen boxers of the present day do a waltz for a fortune, of those who have seen Benny Leonard come out of a bout with unmussed hair, of those who have seen boxers knocked out without bearing a mark of battle, let us detail an account of a rumpus that took place in Dodge City, Kan., in 1877. That town in those days was sure in the "wild and woolly," and it was there that the late Bat Masterson made his reputation when sheriff as a great gun fighter.

Red Hanley and Nelson Whitman were the contenders, and the battle took place, according to the Dodge City *Times* of June 16, 1877, in front of the Saratoga Saloon at 4:30 in the morning. The fight went along for sixty-five rounds, when Red squealed that he had enough. The *Times'* report of the fight concludes thus:

"The only injuries sustained by the loser in this fight were two ears chewed off, one eye busted and the other disabled, right cheek bone caved in, bridge of the nose broken, seven teeth knocked out, one jawbone smashed, one side of tongue bit off, and several other unimportant fractures and bruises. Red retired from the ring in disgust."

We should say that present-day boxing compared to that would be mere ping-pong. They had another sport though, to which bare-fist fighting was tame. Listen to what the Dodge City sporting editor had to say of it:

"We yesterday witnessed an exhibition of the African national game of lap-jacket in front of Shulz's harness shop. The game is played by two colored men, who each toe a mark and whip each other with bull-whips. In the game yesterday Henry Rogers, called Eph for short, contended with another darkey for the championship and fifty cents prize money. They took heavy, new whips from the harness shop and poured in the strokes quite lively. Blood flowed and dust flew, and the crowd cheered until Policeman Joe Mason came along and suspended the cheerful exercise."

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
(The North American)

James Dougherty, the Baron of Leiperville, is elated over the rise of George Godfrey, his big colored heavyweight; especially after the way in which he recently knocked out Bill Tate in Madison Square Garden.

Do you remember Herr Placke, who was imported from Holland to fight Kid McCoy in Philadelphia?

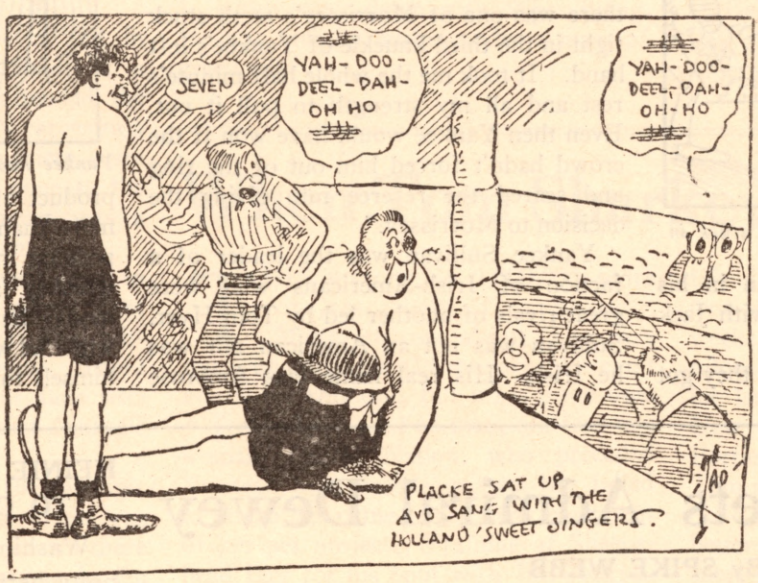
That was some time ago, but Placke was well advertised and the show created a great amount of interest.

Placke was a giant, and it was said that he'd beat Jeffries, the champion, in a round or two after he finished with McCoy.

Well, he met the Kid, and it ended disastrously for the gent from the country famous for cheese.

McCoy, fearful of the huge mass of beef before him, boxed carefully in the first round, jumping away from every move by his antagonist and making the latter miss by a mile.

In the second round, having picked up his courage some, he stabbed the Dutchman a few on the kisser and then got down to talking turkey.



He jabbed and jabbed and then suddenly some one blew a fish horn in Placke's corner. The latter turned to inform the fish man that they didn't want any today when suddenly Bang!—something hit him in the stomach, and bow—something else hit him in the eye.

Placke started to fold, and then gradually settled on the floor, holding his right hand over his big black eye while tears were streaming down his cheeks. At the count of five Placke was on the verge of arising when suddenly there was heard music in the rear of the hall

It was the Holland Sweet Singers, who had come over to cheer for their hero. YAH DOO DEE DAH OH HO, they sang. Placke got one earful, and, sitting upright, joined the sweet singers, doing his yah doo dee dah oh ho, going right along with it as the referee finished the count.

Al Monahan, North Philadelphia's popular featherweight, is fast gaining a reputation for himself. Monahan recently substituted for Lew McFarland of California against Bobby Wilson and made a splendid showing. He is willing to meet any of the 120-pound boys in the East.

Lew Tendler, Philadelphia's southpaw lightweight, who has been inactive for awhile, plans to step out this Winter and has several tempting bouts in view, including one with Pal Moran, the conqueror of Charlie White. Tendler has outpointed Moran on several occasions.

In the Daniel D. Duffy stable are several likely looking boys, including Charlie O'Neill, a middleweight and Leo Flynn, a good 126-pounder. They do not pass up any boys in their respective classes.

Billy Pimpus, of Philadelphia and Atlantic City, has been coming along with a rush under the management of "Doc" Cutch. Pimpus made a big hit at the shore during the Summer months and now is showing his stuff at the indoor clubs in the Quaker City.

Lancaster sportsmen claim that Tim Droney, the lightweight from the Red Rose city, is just as good as ever and his manager has outlined a busy Winter campaign for the up-state battler.

Al Verbecken, who was out of the ring for several months, is back in harness again. He celebrated his return to the ring by getting a draw with Ritz Walters of Atlantic City in the windup at the Cambria.

Joe Curley announces that Ray Dundee will return to the ring. Dundee is a promising lightweight who has met a number of good boys.

Mike Dorscak, a Pittsburgh lightweight, has invaded Philadelphia and appeared in several bouts recently. He exchanged wallops with Johnny Shearn at the Twentieth Century Club.

George Decker, the former noted West Philadelphia lightweight, will again coach the University of Pennsylvania boxing team this Winter. Candidates have been called out and more than 100 men reported.

A past Philadelphia favorite, Eddie McAndrews, is now promoting shows at the Dixie Theatre in Manayunk and making a good job of it. He has been encouraging some new material in the Manayunk section.

Friends of Joe Grim, the once famous Quaker City heavyweight, who met all the best of the heavy fellows about fifteen years ago, raised a tidy sum for him in the recent benefit at the National A. C.

Tommy O'Brien, a lightweight knockerout from the West, has arrived in Philadelphia and is anxious to get on with Lew Tendler or any of the other top-notchers. He is not picking any soft ones.

Yankee Sullivan Landed One of Most Peculiar Punches in Ring History

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

THERE have been some very queer happenings in the ring, but none ever more curious than that which happened to Yankee Sullivan, who was at the height of his prowess 75 years ago. The following amusing and interesting anecdote is handed down from Andy

There was one of Morrissey's teeth stuck in Yankee's left hand

Sheehan, who seconded Sullivan in his battle at Boston Four Corners with Jack Morrissey.

Old Andy said that as soon as they got together he noticed that Yankee knew far more about his business than Morrissey. "They haven't been at it very long," said Andy, "when Morrissey gets a crack in the mouth and I see he doesn't like it."

"Give it to him again," says I.

"Sure enough Yankee did. Soon after the next round opens Yankee fiddles around until he gets Jack just right and then he let fly with a left that nearly knocked Morrissey's head off.

"I let out a yell of joy as I saw what happened, but it didn't last long when I saw the look on Yankee's face."

"When he came back to his corner, there was one of Morrissey's teeth stuck tight in the third knuckle of Yankee's left hand. It took me the whole half minute's rest and all my strength to pull it out. Even then Yankee would have won if the crowd hadn't forced him out of the ring and scared the referee into giving the decision to Morrissey."

Yankee Sullivan was the leader of a faction of Irish-Americans who were great rivals of another led by Tom Hyer. Sullivan was not an American nor was he Irish. His real name was Ambrose and he hailed originally from the Whitechapel district of London.

He arrived in America by way of Australia whence he had been deported for committing a felony. Although he was a

Yankee had two hobbies—whiskey and history

product of the London slums he was of more than usual intelligence. He was a peculiar mixture. He had two hobbies—whiskey and history. When he had money he would drink himself stiff and when he was sobering up he would devote himself to the study of history.

Sharkey Meets Admiral Dewey

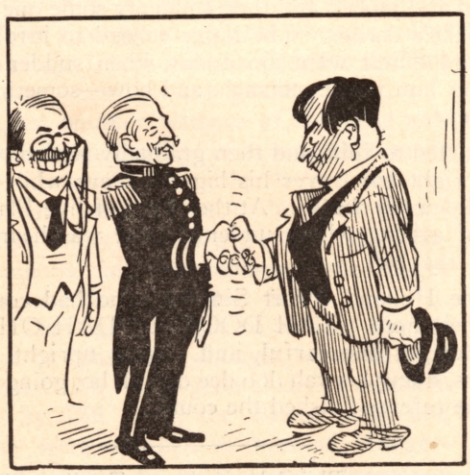
By SPIKE WEBB

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt was President, Tom Sharkey was on a visit to Washington and was invited to pay a visit to the White House. Tom, of course, accepted. On his way into the President's office he passed a white mustached man in the outer office, a man whose face somehow struck Tom as familiar.

After a talk of an hour or so with Roosevelt, who loved to chat about boxing and especially with old-timers like Sharkey, Fitz and John L., Tom walked out and then President Roosevelt introduced him to the elderly gentleman, who was Admiral Dewey.

"So you are a sailor, too?" asked Tom.

"Yes, I am a sailor, but I don't think as good a one as you were, Tom," replied the admiral.



Glad to meet you, Admiral.

"You can't convince me o' that," declared Tom with some heat. "An admiral is a better fighter than a common sailor any old day," and Tom would have it no other way.

HEINIE MILLER FINDS RIVAL TO ONE-EYED CONNOLLY

Washington, D. C.—One-Eyed Connolly better look to his laurels. Here in Washington we have Bat Murray, gate crasher. Not long ago a small show was staged at Indian Head, Md., in an arena that had barred windows and only one small entrance. Bat had boasted that he never paid to see a mill and never would. The promoters framed Bat. They centered all their attention on him. They watched him like a cat watches a mouse. Bat must not crash the gate tonight, was their decision.

Firmly convinced that Murray had been left on the cold outside, the show began. The arena lights went out, the ring lights went on. From the ring a familiar voice, "Ladies and Gentlemen! The first bout of the evening!"—— Bat Murray was announcing. Laff that off.—LIEUT. HEINIE MILLER.

How John L. Went Down Literally with Flying Colors—An Almost Forgotten Incident

By FRANK O'CONNELL

EVERY champion, or nearly every one, fights just once too often. McAuliffe was the one outstanding exception. He was smart enough to realize when he had reached the end of his rope. From the earliest history of the ring you will find that the greatest of them have thought that there was surely "just one more."

The passing of a title holder is a tragedy to the lover of sport. Even if he is an unpopular champion there are some who have regrets at his end. Not all thumbs are turned down.

No greater sorrow was ever felt in the sporting world at the finish of a champion than that which attended the wind up of John L. Sullivan's career in a New Orleans ring more than thirty years ago. John L. is long since gone to the Great Beyond, but there never was a champion remembered like him.

When the great gladiator went down to defeat at the hands of Jim Corbett there was a scene such as never has been witnessed in the history of boxing. There are still some of the old time fans who saw the bout who will recall that dramatic climax.

When Sullivan fought in the Olympic Building in New Orleans the arena was jammed to the roof. Of the crowd there was probably not more than one in ten who thought Corbett would be the victor. John L. was considered a superman.

Instead of the canvas that we are now accustomed to see as the covering of the ring floor, river sand was sprinkled generously over it. When the great John L. finally went down exhausted he struck on his face and the sand scraped it as if he had been rubbed with heavy sandpaper.

The great John L. had at last met his Waterloo, but even then his rabid admirers could hardly bring themselves to believe it. They had come prepared for a celebration and there was hardly a man in the house who did not carry the "Sullivan colors." This was a relic of the old London Prize Ring days when every boxer had distinctive colors which he tied in his corner as he went into battle.

The Sullivan colors were a broad green silk band with an American eagle in the center of it.

Sullivan had been tottering for several rounds, but still his friends could not be convinced that he was done for until they saw him at last lying helpless with the sand grinding into his flesh. Then happened one of the most curious things that ever occurred in connection with the prize ring.

Instead of the usual cheers that greet a newly crowned champion there was a moment of intense silence as the once great battler lay there prone. Then there was a roar and from every corner of the house there came a storm of green. John L. surely went down with colors flying. He was literally buried under a mass of green silk.

There were tears seen on the faces of more than one as the Old Roman crawled out from beneath the coverlet of green bands. He could not believe that he was through as champion.

"Talk to us, John," boomed out a voice from the gallery, "we are still your friends."

Two or three times he made an effort, but his voice died away in a sob. Finally he managed to utter the words that will always be remembered wherever boxing is talked about:

"Gentlemen, I fought once too often. I'm glad the championship remains in America."

When Tom Sharkey Was Fearful

THIS is story No. 1,000,000, more or less, about Tom Sharkey. Many stories about Tom are not true and a lot of them are. We can't vouch for this one, but it's a good one.

Tom, who feared no man, did fear one woman, Carrie Nation, who preceded Volstead by a decade or two, but failed to attach her name to the final enactment of her pet project. Training at Sheepshead Bay for his bout with Jim Jeffries, Tom was in a continuous fear lest he be "raided" by Mrs. Nation, for such, his friends told Tom, was Mrs. Nation's intention. Tom hid from women for weeks and escaped the dire spectre of the saloon wrecker, only to bump into her a bit later on Broadway, in the heart of New York's throbbing—even then—Forties. And Mrs. Nation just smiled at Tom and said:

"You're just a big boy and will learn better than to fight and drink and gamble some day."

"And that's the lady I was afraid of," scowled Tom.

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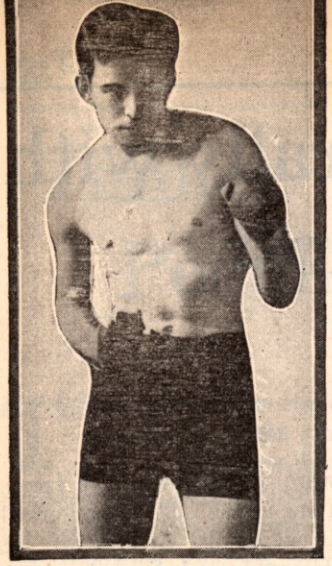
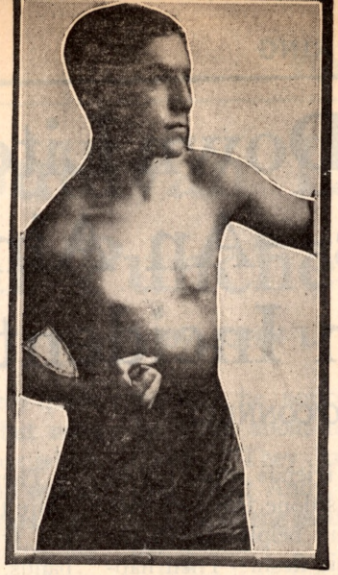
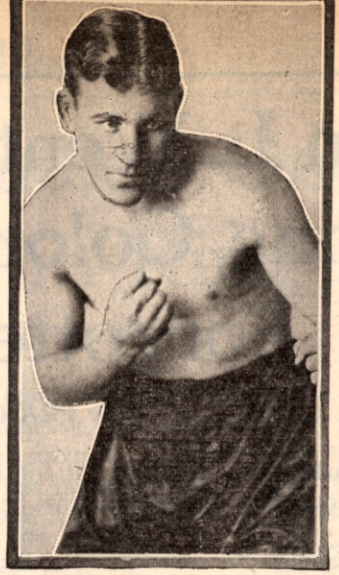
Send $3.00 in bills, money order or check to Mike Gibbons, care of Gibbons Gymnasium, 71 W. Seventh St., St. Paul, Minn., and get course "How to Box and Train" by return mail. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.



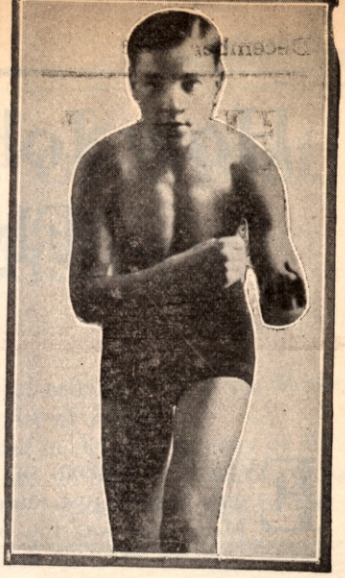
Pete Parker, former amateur welterweight champion of the District of Columbia, who scored a knockout in his professional debut against the Kansas Cyclone



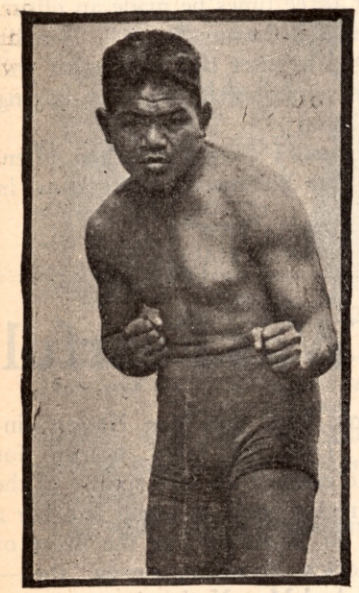
"Cannonball" Eddie Martin, a two-fisted, cyclonic dynamo in action; looked upon as the likely successor to Joe Lynch. He has a good wallop



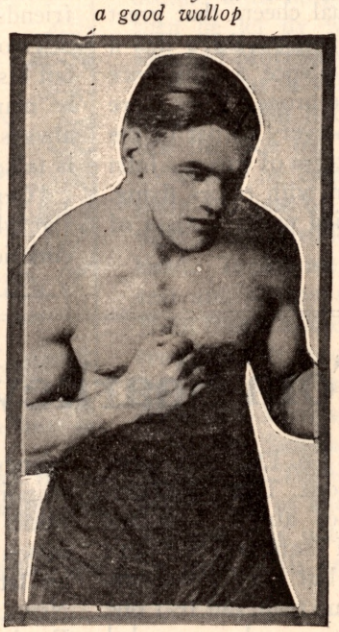
David Shade, who is considered one of the leading contenders for the crown now held by Mickey Walker. Dave may be matched with Mickey next spring.



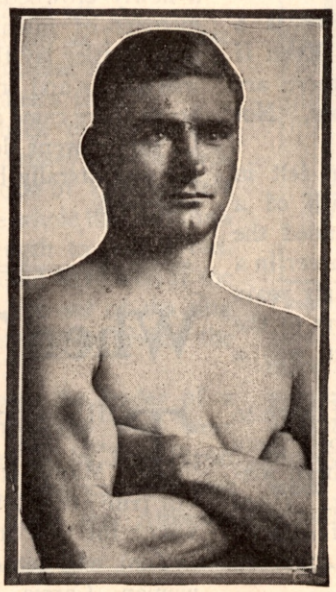
Tommy "Kid" Murphy, of Trenton, N. J., son of the more famous Kid Murphy, who fought around New York several years back—a youngster who bears great promise



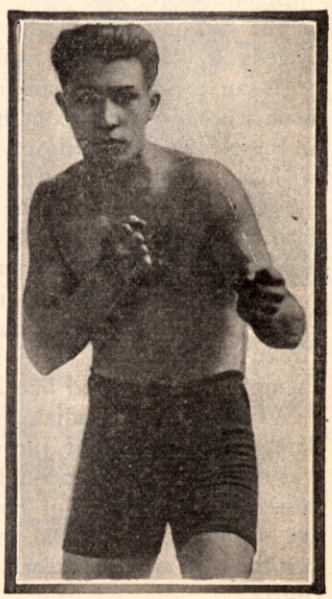
Silvino Jamito, lightweight champion of the Orient. He may soon be seen in action in this country



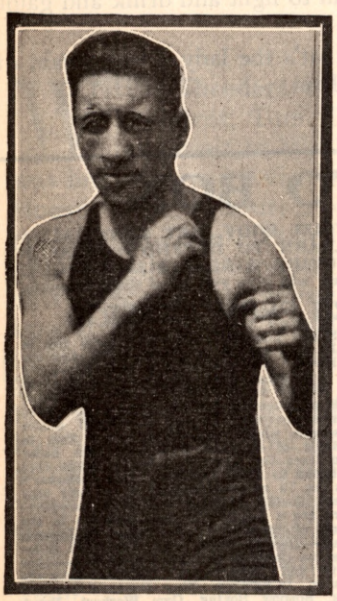
Jimmy Goodrich, Buffalo challenger for the junior lightweight crown held by Jack Bernstein. He has decisions over Pal Moran and Alex Hart



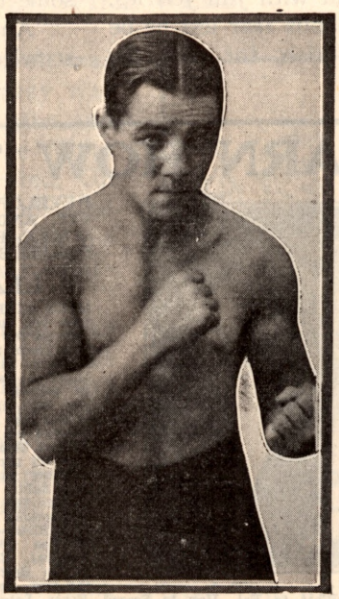
Texas has a good welterweight in Guinesire, who has shown considerable skill and hitting power. Note the shoulder in this photo.



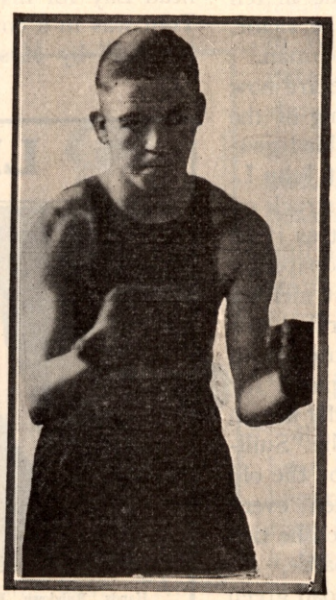
Joe Le Bate, of Greenwich Village, coming lightweight, who is fighting in good form and is showing improvement in every contest



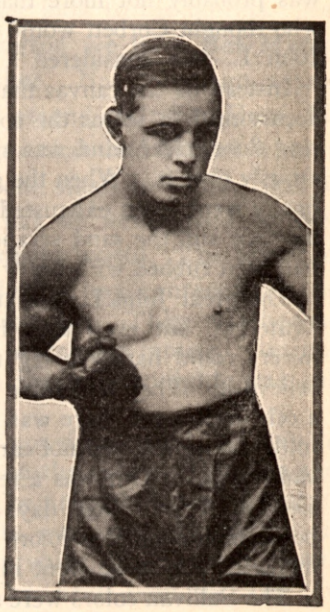
Johnny Gray, "the Fighting Blacksmith of Brooklyn," a trouble-maker for the different bantams around town. He is a tough boy, and has given his opponents much trouble



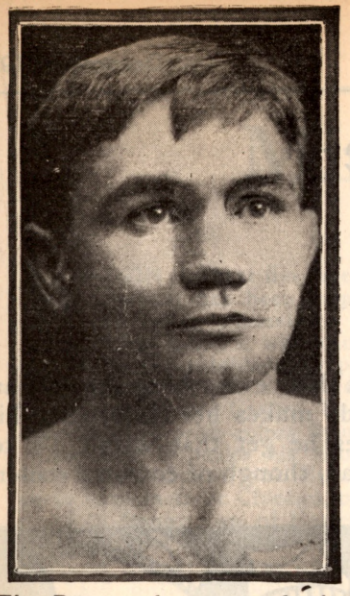
Chick Kansas, southpaw bantam from Philadelphia, who has fought several times around New York, and always made good. He is a clever boy, and has a big following



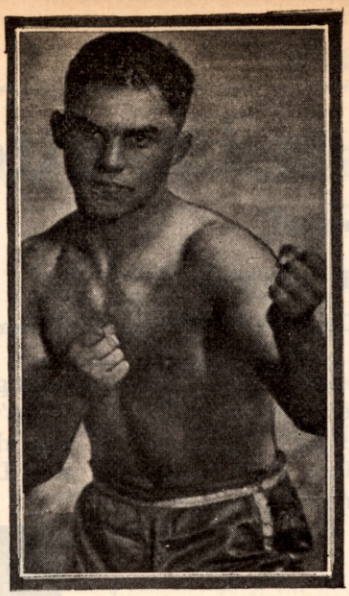
Al Pettingill, pride of New Orleans, who was beaten for the southern flyweight championship by Kid Carlin, also of New Orleans



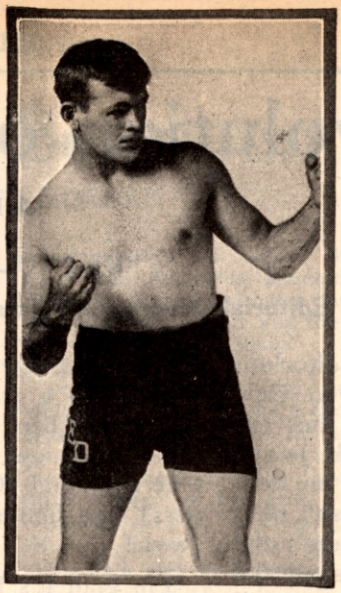
Artie McCann, who was promnent in amateur circles around Philadelphia several years ago, and is now the recognized featherweight champion of Pennsylvania



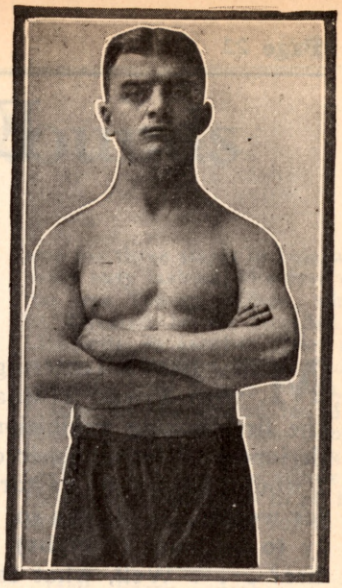
Tim Droney, the veteran battler from Lancaster, is still good enough to make trouble for the lightweights around the country



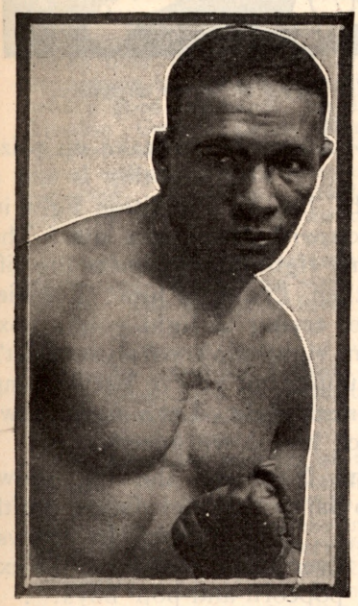
Johnny Leonard, of Allentown, Pa., who is now battling under the joint management of Messrs. Jimmy Bronson and Lew Brown. He is making great progress



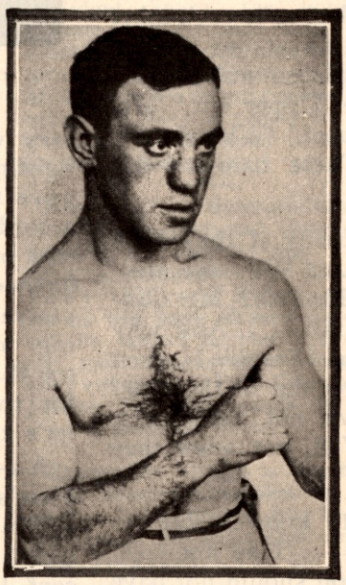
Ed Keeley, of Bridgeport, Conn., who claims to be the only southpaw heavyweight in the world. He packs dynamite in that left hook of his



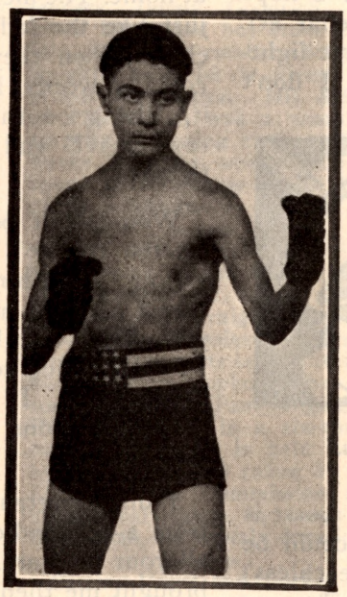
Al Monaghan, featherweight representative from Philly, who is being handled by Daniel Duffy, and who is making quite a name for himself



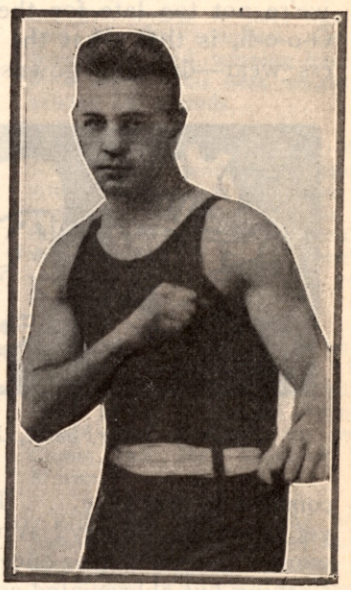
Tiger Flowers, of Atlanta, Ga., who is beating the leading middleweights and light-heavyweights with frequent regularity. He is a big favorite in the South



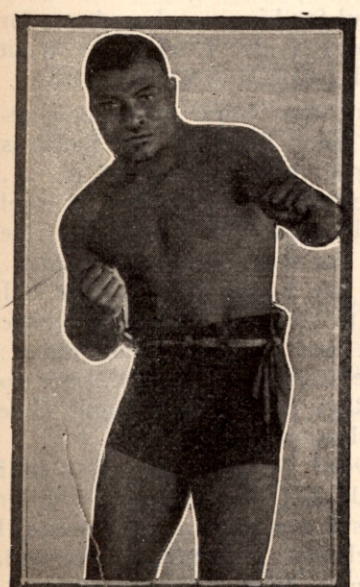
Johnny Clinton, New York lightweight, who has fought all the 135-pound boys from Benny Leonard down, is going better than ever



Al Greenberg, formerly of Philadelphia, now living in Brooklyn, has all the qualities of a good fighter, and should gain recognition in a short time



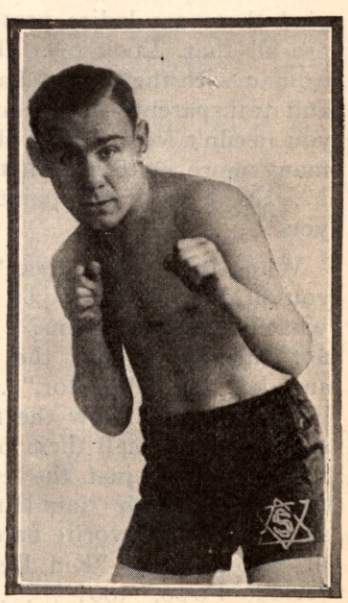
Billy Freas, " the fighting fireman" of Grand Rapids, Mich., who issues a standing challenge to any middleweight in the country



Alex "Kid" Gibbons, former local middleweight, who is making his headquarters in Buffalo, and who is winning with regularity

The Black Diamond, who hails from Vera Cruz, Mexico, scales 126 pounds, and issues a defi to any featherweight extant. He is said to be a two-fisted fighter with a terrific wallop

Billy Miller, rising youngster from Brooklyn, has won his eight starts in the pro ring, and is still going strong



Sonny Smith, bantam champion of Canada, and considered one of the cleverest boys in his division.

Evolution of a Fanette

(A Monolog)

By PAULINE LAYMAN

Editorial Department, Tulsa Daily World, Tulsa, Oklahoma

MRS. JAWN (entering auditorium with Friend Husband to view the first boxing exhibition in her experience): "Get an usher quick, Jawn! I wouldn't have my pastor see me here for worlds. . . That's so, he isn't likely to be here. (Coughs) Where's the fire? . . . Well, what causes all the smoke? . . Oh! No wonder they call it a "match"—so many matches are lit.

And Convention Hall plastered with 'No Smoking' signs, too! . . I hope we're not too late for the stellar act. O-o-o-h, is that what the purse-fighters wear—dressing gowns? I don't

"Get an usher, quick, Jawn."

consider it very nice. . . The worst is yet to come, you say? What could be worse? Heavens! (for once speechless) Nothing but abbreviated colored trousers. . . They'll put on 'red shirts' later, you think? That'll be better.

'Lad-ees and gent-el-men'—thanks for the compliment, Mr. Chairman. I'm glad there are ladies present—if they are all that. Look over there at that woman with the bobbed hair, low neck and transparent—on second thoughts, you needn't look, Jawn. She hasn't on many more clothes than the fighters. . . No, I Will Not point her out to you.

When the referee says, "Come here, you all, I want to tell you something," what does he tell them? . . . No, I'm not curious; I deny the allegation—and defy the "allegator." . . . Everybody seems to know the fighters personally and to call them by their first names. . . It's just the custom? I'd object to such familiarity. "Kid" seems to be a favorite name for fighters; do you say "Kid Dempsey" and "Kiddo Firpo," too? . . . "California Kid"—of Shawnee—and Mr. Osner must have a whole army of coaches and tutors here the way advice is being handed out. What rude remarks! One man said, 'Come on, you bootleggers!' He honored them then? Now, Jawn!

I'm glad it's between numbers so I can talk to you. I've wnated to talk to you all evening. . . That's what I have been doing? Why, you mean thing! . . . You know, I feel perfectly at home. The men chatter to each other just like the ladies do at our sewing circle. Then they use so many near-cooking words, like 'Upper cut,' 'Mix it,' 'Bring on the beef,' 'Where's the raw meat?' and 'These ham-and-egg fighters.'

Wouldn't it be funny if they both hit the referee? . . . Why are they yelling, 'Hold him, Frankie?' Mr. California Kid did not fall. . . And why yell, 'Stay in there, Frankie,' when he's not trying to get out of the ring? Now, Jawn, I have not asked you many questions. Well, not more than 100, anyway.

I don't pretend to know a left jab from a—a handler. . . I do not spoil all your pleasure. You should not have brought me then. . . I don't care if I did invite myself along. I'm not the only one asking questions. The man in the next row just asked, 'What is this, a wrestling match?' and another one queried, 'What is this, a foot-race?' So, there, now!

No, I will not point her out to you.

I alwyas thought fighters were regular giants, and here I weigh as much myself as Mr. Osner. . . You say that Mr. Clickner weighs 163 and used to weigh more?. I wish you'd ask him how he reduced. Poor Mrs. Dean just can't get thin; everything she does and doesn't do makes her fatter. Ask him how does he get that weigh. I'll tell Mrs. Dean, though of course I couldn't

I wish they'd sit down anywhere.

very well advise her to take up prize fighting. . . You say this is not a prize fight, but an exhibition fight in accordance with Oklahoma laws? The man on my right doesn't know the difference, then. Listen to him: 'Frankie, you're not trying to fight you're boxing. Your right ain't paralyzed; let's see that upper cut you've been saving for the next fight. Let's fight now; let's knock him down once.'

A-a-a-h! Now for the big show. Here's to Sailor Clickner. Is Mr. Smith skillful? . . Ask Palmer, he knows, eh? . . . Everybody seems excited except the popcorn-and-pop boys. . . This bout certainly excels the curtain-raisers. . . You think it's an 'eye opener' in more ways than one? I'm so sorry for Mr. Clickner. . . It's all in a night's fight? That doesn't make it any less painful for him. . . I can't see for those late arrivals. I wish they'd sit down, SIT DOWN ANYWHERE.

Gracious, that blow must have re-echoed in Sand Springs! Mr. Smith is beginning to get the best of it. . . When they fight that hard, it is cruel to urge them further. This makes me sick. Tell me when I can look again. . . Take me home. I don't care if I did want to come; I want to go home now. I'm not the only one, either; several gentlemen yelled out, 'Let's go home!' 'Rock him to sleep!' and 'Give him the sleep punch.'

Who won? . . How was I to tell? . . . Well, I'm glad it's over. I never want to see another. . . Of course, I really feel that I should go out with you oftener. We're together so seldom. . . Er—when is the next bout?'

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

WITHIN the past five weeks Gotham has been invaded by a triumvirate of Middle West boxers, who came here with well established reputations, and received their start in Madison Square Garden. Each came through with colors flying.

The first to make his debut was Harold Smith, the Stockyards bantam from Chicago, opposed to Danny Lee, of Harlem. Harold gave a wonderful display of speed and cleverness against his hard hitting opponent and was returned a clear winner at the finish.

Bud Taylor, the Terre Haute Terror, with the advance information that he had fought Pancho Villa, Frankie Genaro, Harry Gordon and Hilly Levine, was made a three to one favorite over Charley Rosenberg. Rosenberg is a clever youngster with a good left hand. He met Frankie Genaro twice, Harry London and Carl Duane two times, and gave Taylor some unexpected opposition. Taylor, however, proved to be an unusually combative and aggressive individual. He possesses a flashy and entertaining style of milling. The verdict in favor of Taylor met with popular approval, although some of the spectators booed the decision. It was a tough fight to judge, but Taylor earned the battle through his aggressiveness.

The remaining member of the visiting crew, Sammy Mandell, the Rockford Flash, proved to be the biggest sensation of the trio. Opposed to him was Harry Kid Brown, of Philadelphia, who has engaged in combat with Johnny Dundee, Pal Moran, Joe Benjamin, George Chaney, Jack Bernstein and Mel Coogan, and considered one of the most formidable contenders for the lightweight crown. Weighing 129½ pounds, Sammy flashed forth one of the greatest exhibitions of boxing ever witnessed in the historic arena. Displaying a cool fighting head, wonderful left hand and brilliant footwork, Mandell showed about everything that is expected in the repertoire of a champion. Brown was bewildered throughout the encounter and he was at a difficulty as to the proper method of procedure against his shifty adversary.

To say that these Chicago boys made good would be putting it mildly—they took the New Yorkers by storm. They will always be welcome here.

Coincidently, the three defeated battlers, Lee, Rosenberg and Brown, are under the management of Harry Segal. It will take quite a while for Harry to recover from the shock.

Herman Singer, former international amateur bantamweight champion, since his entry in the professional ranks has recorded eight straight victories, and if ability counts for anything he will chalk up many more.

Johnny Vinney, who held the bantamweight championship of the United States Navy when in the service, is now attempting to gain fame and fortune in the prize ring. He holds a two-round knockout victory over Howard Mayberry, whom he defeated for the title.

Johnny Liano, one of the newer crop of young lightweights who has sprung up recently, impresses one favorably in his gym workouts, and great things are expected of him.

Midget Smith, the popular bantam, has returned from the coast and will locate here for the present. Harry Neary and the Midget made a country-wide tour extending over a period of six months. Smith boxed in every corner of the country.

Henny Catena, flyweight champion of the National Guard, is fighting his way to the front rank of contenders for Pancho Villa's title, and before many moons will have elapsed Catena will be ranked as the foremost and most dangerous challenger. His knockout of ex-Champion Johnny Buff still stands out as a good piece of work.

Greenwich Village is boasting about another champion in the making who makes his headquarters in the Latin Quarter of New York City. The lad they have reference to is Frankie Sinclair, who has fought all the leading bantams, and is particularly anxious to oppose Carl Tremaine, Abe Goldstein or Bud Taylor.

Billy Bell, fast, strong, rugged, aggressive, a willing mixer and a hard, fast and accurate puncher with either hand. Such is the pretensions set forth by Charley Rose, who claims to be the world's most famous trainer of boxers, about the lad he represents. Says Charley: "I have seen both Villa and Genaro in action on several occasions, and I have supreme confidence in Bell's ability to defeat either one. All I want is the chance. In the meantime I stand ready to take on any flyweights at any time, for any number of rounds to a decision." Such is life in a big city.

Willie Lewis, mentor for the newly crowned New York State bantam champion, Abe Goldstein, emphatically denies the statement issued by "Irish" Johnny Curtin's manager that Goldstein was knocked out by Curtin. "These boys have never met in the ring," says Lewis, "and I think that that is cheap sportsmanship to make these false and malicious statements. Goldstein is ready to meet Curtin on a moment's notice and the result will speak for itself."

Joe Glick, feather and lightweight champion of the National Guard, is about one of the most promising youngsters developed in the armory contests. Joe is only 19 years of age, and, while only engaging in six round preliminary bouts in the various clubs, is a star performer in armory engagements, boxing ten and twelve rounds.

Temporarily deserting the junior lightweight ranks until Jack Bernstein sees fit to defend his title against all logical contenders, Jimmy Goodrich, the crack 130 pound boy from Buffalo, intends to combat all lightweights until he is given the proper recognition. His defeat of Pal Moran was a complete surprise in boxing circles. Two weeks later he won a fifteen-round decision over Alex Hart, of Philadelphia.

Our choice for flyweight honors rest on the shoulders of little Lew Perfetti, with a record of thirty-one straight victories. Lew is the classiest performer around these parts in his division and it is our opinion that he could lick either Pancho Villa or Frankie Genaro in a six-round contest. Perfetti is held down by the 21-year-old ruling by the State Athletic Commission and cannot participate in bouts of more than six rounds duration.

Sammy Vogel, the "pocket edition of Benny Leonard," is emulating the name of our lightweight champion by turning in some impressive victories. He has beaten Johnny Dwnes twice and Gene Delmont in his last three starts.

Joey Schwartz, who was under the guardianship of Tommy Moran, was given a drastic setback at the hands of Al Greenberg in their recent scrap at the Pioneer Club. Moran had been boosting his charge to the well known skies, but the bubble bursted when Schwartz was stopped in the second round.

Tommy O'Brien, the Milwaukee lightweight, is in town, and judging from his workouts at the Garden Gymnasium looks like a mighty good puncher with his right hand. He holds a knockout victory over Elino Flores, the Filipino.

Johnny Hamm, a product of Pittsburgh amateur circles, has arrived in New York and has made an instantaneous hit with his pleasing style of battling. Johnny is a twin-fisted, aggressive dynamo in action and has won his three starts in comparatively easy fashion. His first victim was Tommy Milton, whom he defeated in six rounds; Al Liebowitz, in another sixer, and in his last effort he scored a knockout over Bernie Bedou, of France, in the second round at Madison Square Garden. George Engle, former manager of Harry Greb, is directing the affairs of Hamm and would like to pit him against any 114 pound boy in the country.

Jack Barry, another arrival from the Smoky City, has a little more difficulty in securing fistic engagements. His reputation had preceded him and the local mittsters are a little hesitant before they are willing to step into the ring against him. He has had two bouts to date against two of the toughest welterweights around, winning handily both times. His best weight is around 140 pounds.

Max Savitsky, amateur flyweight of considerable repute, who won the last nine tournaments he was entered in, is seriously contemplating a professional career. If he ever deserts the amateur ranks, keep your eyes on him.

Bobby Nelson, local lightweight contender, who has fought many of the leading lights in the 135 pound division, would like to hook up with Clonie Tait, Jack Zivic or Pal Moran.

Willie O'Connell, of the West Side, who recently joined hands with Dan Kaplan, manager of Sid Terris, has shown wonderful improvement in his last five bouts. If he continues his present gait he will have regained the form he once boasted of, and prove to be a menace to the various bantams of the locality.

Rocky Scott, who arrived here practically unknown and had great difficulty in getting started, was given an opportunity of displaying his wares in Lancaster, Pa., against the highly-touted Rosey Stoy, a short time ago. Stoy had beaten Terry McHugh, "Irish" Johnny Curtin, knocked out Johnny Ross and was said to be a terrific hitter. Rocky stepped in as a substitute and made a big hit when he whipped Stoy decisively. Tony Polozolo, who is the manager of Paul Doyle, handles Scott.

Corporal Izzy Schwartz, flyweight champion of the United States Army, made a gallant and noteworthy effort to eliminate Henny Catena in his climb towards titular honors, but the Greenwich Village lad proved to be too rugged and strong for Schwartz. After fifteen rounds of continuous fighting Catena

gained the decision over the fighting Corporal, but Schwartz was by no means disgraced in his struggle.

The Triton A. C., of which Schwartz is a member, presented him with a silk bathrobe after his game battle.

Bobby Walker, pride of Staten Island, issues, through his manager, Ardie Hall, defying challenges to the flyweights of the vicinity. Ardie goes down the line and particularly mentions Henny Catena, Lew Perfetti, Corporal Schwartz and Sammy Bienfeld as the prospective victime of the aforementioned Walker.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

New England promoters are still offering the fans in this section some great cards and, consequently, are doing a thriving business. The Wilson-Robinson, Loughran-Greb and Shevlin-Ward bouts at Boston attracted record crowds.

Bostonians who had begun to believe that Greb was invincible were treated to a genuine surprise by the way Tommy Loughran tossed him around in their bout here. Tommy won, and their was no questioning the decision. Loughran is a great entertainer who can play a return here any time.

Johnny Wilson's surprising reversal of form shown in his bout here with George Robinson, whom he defeated easily, still has the local fans up in the air. Many of them think he will yet win back his title from Greb if he continues his present gait.

The old story about youth being served was never better illustrated than in the bout between Eddie Shevlin and George Ward. The veteran Shevlin was no match for his more youthful opponent, but to his credit he went down fighting. There was no question as to the better man, but as none of the present crop of New England welters match Shevlin there is some consolation for the old-timer in this.

The Casino A. C. of Lynn, Jack Murphy matchmaker, has been attracting large houses to its shows. The recent Barney Adair-Young Tansey bout packed them in there, Adair's aggressiveness making quite a hit with the shoe city fans.

The Moody A. C. at Lowell, Cecil Dodge in charge, has been doing much to keep the game going in that section. Billy Murphy, the pride of Lowell, is a great card at this club.

Spencer Gardner, of Newport, showed quite an improvement over his last start here in his recent bout with Abe Friedman, whom he defeated. He is now making his headquarters in New York.

Johnny Drew, of Worcester, turned in a surprise this month by his defeat of Red Chapman, who was being pointed towards Dundee. In the sixth round Drew floored the Redhead, a stunt accomplished not very often.

Wolf Larsen is still climbing towards recognition, the "caveman's" latest victim being Silas Green, the Claremont, N. H., colored heavyweight, who ate the resin.

Harry Foley, the North End featherweight, defeated the crafty Willie Corbett, of Harvard, at Lynn recently.

Willie Gradwell, that game old veteran, is still able to hold his own with any of the present crop of local boxers.

Battling McCreary, the colored light-heavy who recently defeated Clem Johnson here, is training for bout his manager, Alec McLean, has in view for him.

Jimmy Manning, that nifty little flyweight, is still going on high. He recently stopped the tough Dobby O'Neil at Lynn, a stunt many thought was impossible.

Johnny Pobuk, that sensational Fall River welter who has cleaned up all of the opposition in Central Massachusetts, is now making his headquarters in Boston. He is managed by Fred Weiderhold. Another star under the Weiderhold banner is Jimmie Briscoe, the Manchester bantam who has been going great in New Hampshire rings. Experience in handling boxers and fairness towards them is the magnet that attracts boxers towards the genial Freddie.

Evidently Frank Churchill, the manager of Pancho Villa, thinks pretty well of Tommy Nee, the South Boston idol, as a boxer, for when Tom Goodwin, of the Suffolk A. C., tried to bring Villa and Nee together here Churchill insisted that Tommy make 115 pounds. As this weight was too low for Nee the match fell through. Thomas & Friedman, who met Villa here, were required to make 117 pounds. Goodwin is now dickering with the manager of Abe Attell Goldstein to meet Nee here. That Tommy is a great drawing card here may be evidenced from the fact that 9,500 fans turned out for his bout with Friedman.

Johnny Harko, the Manchester bantam, a recent graduate of the amateurs, defeated Mike Castle, of Lawrence, at Manchester this month.

Ex-Champion Jack Britton and the newest sensation, Young Stribling, are two of the stars booked to meet opponents here soon.

Boxers who claim titles when they have no claim on such are liable to a suspension under a new ruling of the Boxing Commission.

CRESCENT CITY FISTIC NOTES

From CLIFF ABBO

(New Orleans Sport Bulletin)

Richard Burke, president of the National Boxing Association, also secretary of the Louisiana State Boxing Commission, is making a determined effort to affiliate New York with the national association. Following the meeting of the New York Athletic Commission with sporting editors of New York papers, it was pointed out in an article of George Underwood that the only solution of the tangle involving champions defending their titles was for the state body to join the National Boxing Association.

Mr. Burke has addressed a communication to Mr. Underwood pointing out the good the association has accomplished, also a letter to the New York State Athletic Commission. In turn, other commissions, members of the association, have addressed letters to the New York body inviting them to join.

"We have tried repeatedly to get New York into the national body," said Mr. Burke, "but they have always turned a deaf ear to our plea. If we are to have boxing on a high standard, which so many advocate and which so many desire to see, then New York should show her willingness to help by coming in the national association. In unity there is strength. We can easily solve the question of having champions defend their titles if all States where there is boxing join with us."

Dr. Paul Schaffer, local dentist and one-time pal of the late Stanley Ketchell, is developing a local middleweight, Young Marallo and in two starts has scored two knockouts. He battered Harry Krohn down in two sessions and Jimmy King to the canvas in eight rounds.

Bob Martin, former A. E. F. champion and one-time claimant for heavyweight pugilistic honors, wound up his pugilistic career in New Orleans in his bout with Martin Burke, local light heavyweight. Burke stopped the once pride of the A. E. F. in the seventh round. In their first meeting Burke was stopped by Martin in five rounds.

Basil Galiano has been idle since his scrap with Mel Coogan here nearly two months ago, and promoters are now trying to induce Johnny Clinton, Eddie Wagner or Jimmy Goodrich to try conclusions with the Southern champion during the local race meeting.

The racing season opens on Thanksgiving Day and continues through for ninety-one days.

Captain Bob Roper has been barnstorming around the South picking up $250 purses in Alexandria, Birmingham, Shreveport and similar places.

Tommy Freeman, claimant of the Southern welterweight title, met Red Hill here November 10 in a fifteen-round bout and made a great hit with his stellar fighting. He is to meet Young Denny here soon, also Dude Martinez.

Red Hill was recently reinstated by the boxing commission after a three months' suspension for running out of a match with Dude Martinez. Billy McCann, Cleveland lightweight, was also restored to good standing by the commission.

Pete Herman formally opened his new Ringside cabaret and enjoyed a large patronage.

Kid Carlin, who has piled up some thirteen straight victories, including a win over Al Pettingill recently, is about the best bantamweight in this section right now and is being groomed as Herman's successor. Galiano rules the lightweights with Young McGovern and Joe Matranga close on his trail. Red Hill, Dude Martinez, Young Marullo and Young Denny are the middleweights who are prominent at present, with Martin Burke holding the lone reign as light heavyweight champion.

Happy Littleton has just returned from the American Legion convention in California where he saw Ad Wolgast and all the old-time fighters. Happy says he saw Wolgast, but Ad didn't recognize. When Wolgast was in New Orleans in 1910 to fight Joe Mandot, he wanted to take Littleton along with him, proclaiming him the greatest prospect he ever saw.

Littleton is now well fixed, owning real estate in New Orleans and in California. He has retired because of bad eyesight.

Pal Moran was a visitor to the city after his fight with Charlie White and injured his shoulder shooting a gun in one of the duck marshes near the city. He was forced to call off his bout with Kid Wagner in Philadelphia.

Joe Matranga will return from New York in December and meet Basil Galiano for the Southern lightweight championship.

Adam Serpas and Charlie Feraci have been here two months, but it seems that Feraci is too good and none of the local boys will meet him. Serpas has offered to fight Brooklyn Eddie Brady on a winner take all basis for the promoters.

Tommy Marvin, a big heavyweight who has met Homer Smith and others, is in town after a sojourn in the East. He

probably will meet Bob Roper in the near future.

Eddie Coulon took a flier over to Pennsylvania for work, but they wanted him to concede some ten pounds to Eddie Anderson, so Coulon returned home where he can get work with men nearer his weight.

Promoter Frankie Edwards recently staged an all-star show here featuring Soldier Buck and Dude Martinez in a ten-rounder. The receipts were $3,200.

Alex Novecky, Biddy Bishop's lightweight, is to make his debut here shortly in a ten-rounder with Young McGovern, who is now under the management of Willie Sehrt.

Fighters wishing information concerning promoters and fighters in New Orleans can address the writer, care New Orleans Sporting Bulletin.

LOS ANGELES NOTES
By GEORGE HUSSEY

Tom S. Andrews, the well-known Milwaukee sportsman and writer of sports, is spending a few months in the California sunshine. He is a regular at the boxing shows. Boxing is his favorite dish. About the only ones he misses are held in Australia or the South Sea Islands.

Little Jockey Dillon, the crack New York flyweight, won his first fight here by beating one of the best boys around these diggings. Art Springer was the unlucky boy and in winning the jockey accomplished something that very few boys have done, as Springer is considered about the best at his weight in the West. Dillon had very little trouble with him. He is just the kind that the fans warm up to, and from now on he will be the busy person as there are many good boys his weight or near it.

Jack Dempsey is around town and still blocking traffic. Crowds gather wherever he is. There should be a law to keep him off the streets during the rush hours. Autos get tagged for the same offence.

Jack Doyle's Vernon Coliseum is getting too small for the Tuesday night crowds. He has turned them away each night since he opened the $100,000 structure. Mr. Doyle is now trying to figure out how he can extend the balcony. Boxers from all parts of the world say it is the first thing in the way of a boxing stadium. The fans have been in need of it for a long time. Many clubs have sprung up over night and there are no less than twenty all doing well in the radius of twenty miles from Los Angeles. More power to them.

The fight game over in Australia must be good when the Australian boys are coming to this country to try their luck. We have had quite a few introduced in the local rings recently. Yes, it must be good!

Tommy Simpson up in Oakland writes that he is still packing them in. He is using good boys and that is what the fans like. His old club house got too small to accommodate the cash customers, so he went and engaged the civic auditorium. The result is packed houses at all shows.

It sure is great to see how the fans warm up to THE RING. They know on what nights to expect it at the local rings. CLASS WILL TELL.

Two of the classiest boys that have hit this town in many moons performed for Jack Doyles Vernon Stadium fans when Jimmy Delaney, a tall, serious looking heavyweight from St. Paul, Minn., handed Willie Meehan a four-round lacing. Meehan was there at the finish, but he was a badly beaten man. Delaney will find lots of work here as he is just the kind the fans want, a hard hitter, oodles of cleverness and as fast as they make them.

The other boy, Johnny O'Donnell, a fast lightweight with a sock that would drop a heavyweight, boxed Al Grunan, a finished product of the game. Grunan had a slight edge for a round and a half. Then the tide turned and the St. Paul boy galloped home a winner. O'Donnell made hundreds of friends the way he handled himself. He will be seen as a regular performer from now on. Mike Collins should be proud of that pair as they will make a full house any time they start from now on.

Pepper Martin, along with the other seasoning Terry, were introduced to the packed house at Doyle's Vernon Stadium. Johnny Keyes, their manager, says he has many bouts lined up for the pair.

Sammy Walz, New England bantamweight champion, is now located in business here dealing out Kosher ham. He is under the management of Johnny Schiff, old-time bantam and champion globe trotter.

Pepper Martin got away to a good start here. He knocked Frankie McCann for a goal in the first round. It was some minutes before he came to. Pepper did not give the fans much for their money. One thing he did give them and that was a good look at the dear old Irish harp on the back of his green bath robe. Then he hit McCann with the Blarney stone.

The last fight Big Bill Paine of the Belmont Grill missed was the one between the Greeks and the Turks in the sixteenth century. Bill is a regular at Doyle's Vernon Coliseum.

Jim Griffin, the dean of West-

(*Continued on page* 38)

EDITORIAL COMMENT

(*Continued from page* 13)

adelphia, with its no-decision bouts and big purses, much to their liking. No longer will we see the barnstorming champions parade before the Keystone State fight fans in a jig and dance number while the crowd hoots, jeers and hurls all sorts of catcalls.

From now on it will be a case of fight or lose your title, hence we shall go down on record now as predicting that Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and Scranton will see little of the title holders in the next twelve months.

* * * *

Floyd Johnson, Courage Personified

FROM the days of the Stone Age up through the centuries which have resulted in the highly civilized mortal of to-day, no quality of mankind has been more admired than COURAGE. The intrepid, unflinching, stout-hearted man, unshrinking in the face of danger, has ever had the world at his feet.

COURAGE is what makes the winner, whether it be in a boxing ring or in the field of business or art. The man with the big heart, who will not back up in the face of adversity, is the man who is taken to the heart of his fellow creatures. He may be beaten, but if he falls with his face to the foe, he has won himself something that is beyond appraisal.

Floyd Johnson, in a nutshell, is the essence of COURAGE.

His battle against Jack Renault at Madison Square Garden will be long remembered by those who saw it.

He proved himself the type of good, red-blooded American of the sort that has never turned tail to a foe on the field of battle.

A wonderful tribute was paid to the beaten young Iowa giant when he went down in the last few seconds of that bruising fifteen-round battle when the crowd sat in silence, waited for him to recover his senses, and then gave him an ovation that rocked the old Garden arena.

Possibly Johnson was rushed along a bit too fast and his sojourn out in the wide open spaces of Oregon, where his manager, Charley Cook, has sent him for a long rest, may find re-born a championship possibility. The heart is there and there is not a fan who is not wishing him the best of luck. Like the game Jimmy Wilde, Floyd Johnson went down with colors flying.

* * * *

Throwing a Scare Into Lovers of Boxing

NEW YORK may soon be fightless!

William McCormick, chairman of the license committee of the Boxing Commission, has warned those interested in the fighting game that professional boxing in New York might not last beyond the next session of the Legislature. It is hinted that the Republican party has cast a baleful eye on the king of sports, and may repeal existing measures.

The issue is not on the knees of the gods, but in the hands of those who love the game. A legislature is primarily the expression of its constituents, and if those who support boxing with their money and presence will demand strongly enough that it continue to flourish, it will flourish. Backing the desire of the fans must be the actions of those actively engaged in fighting and engineering fights—from the champions and their managers down to the smallest of the small fry.

The fistic clubs of New York have poured a golden stream into the State Treasury in the way of taxes, and it may be that the solons in Albany will decide that such a treasure chest is worth keeping. But the lovers of the game should not depend too much on that. They should get actively into the battle for the existence of the game.

Let's all get upon the band wagon and fight our common enemies.

Midget Milburn, former Philadelphia bantamweight, is making his home in Atlantic City. Ralph Janatty has Milburn in his stable, along with Jimmy Kelly.

Max "Boo Boo" Hoff is keeping his fighters busy these days. Eddie (Kid) Wagner recently put on the windup with Danny Kramer at the Arena and Ad Stone, the light heavyweight, was on the same bill. Hoff has offers for Wagner and Stone from all parts of the country.

Pennsylvania's new boxing commission headed by Wm. H. Rocap, sports editor, has already started to function and will have its official headquarters in Philadelphia. The new boxing law goes into effect Dec. 1, when ten-round bouts to a decision will be in order. Other members of the commission besides Mr. Rocap are Charles F. White of Philadelphia and Havey Boyle, of Pittsburgh. White is a negro and a former Penn track athlete. Boyle is a sports editor.

PANAMA BOXING NOTES

Buddy Saunders is the name of a leather-pusher who has come from the States for a new world to conquer.

Charlie Pitts, who has exchanged blows with such boxers as Mickey Walker, Benny Leonard, Lew Tendler, and many others of less calibre, is one of our visitors.

Jose Lombardo, the Panamanian wonder, is now on vacation due to the fact that there is no man in the Isthmus who can give him a real battle.

Lombardo is the man who, in fifteen battles, has won thirteen by K. O., one by decision, and lost one decision in a twelve-round bout to Honey Boy Finnegan, featherweight champion of the U. S. Navy, all service men.

When the U. S. fleet was here Pedro Troncoso, local flyweight champion, gave Sailor Javier, champion of the Navy, such a fight that he won the referee's decision.

Ramon Arosemena fought Charlie Pitts fifteen rounds in Colon City and lost on a close decision. Then Ramon and Charlie went to Colombia and fought two draws.

Arosemena is the Panamanian lightweight champion.

When THE RING arrives here every month there is no boxing fan who fails to purchase a copy. THE RING is the best liked sporting magazine in Panama.

The Dempsey-Firpo fight picture was shown here about twenty days after the fight. Promoter Isaac Solowitz brought it from the States.

OHIO BOXING NEWS
By GEORGE LEVECQUE

Indoor boxing is now in full swing in most of the larger cities of Ohio, and, for the greater part they are drawing good gates. Cleveland is restricted to "amateur" contests, and some of the shows have drawn as many as 8,000 persons. The first indoor show in Columbus will be held late this month, and from indications it will attract a monster crowd. Dayton has started its indoor season under the most favorable conditions, and there is now talk of big matches there. Cincinnati's first indoor show was held September 29, on which date Johnny Gill won from Chief Halftown. Zanesville, Springfield, Toledo, Marion and other cities have already started the inside bouts, and progress is said to be most encouraging.

K. O. Jeakle's decisive win over Johnny Rini at Columbus has brought about considerable talk between Jeakle and Alex Novecky, who has become immensely popular here. Jeakle and Novecky will make a whale of a match no matter where they box, and it will be a gruelling battle.

Chicago boxing enthusiasts regret that the proposed match between Mike Dundee and Sammy Sandow has fallen through. The men had agreed on weight, date, etc., but Dick Curley refused to make the financial terms right for Sandow's manager, and he called the bout off.

There are many men well versed in boxing in Ohio who are firm in their belief that Sandow can trim the hard-hitting Dundee. Chicago people feel different about it, and it is this difference of opinion that makes the bout one to be hoped for.

The fact that Sandow has taken referee decisions over Joe Burman, Pal Moore and other Chicago favorites makes him an excellent opponent for Dundee.

K. O. Jeakle, Toledo knockout king, added another victory to his long string when he defeated Johnny Rini in this city the other day. It was a fight Columbus fans enjoyed. It went the full twelve rounds, and the decision of the judges in Jeakle's favor was a popular one.

About the same time Jeakle was whipping Rini the Lithuanian lightweight champion, Alex Novecky, knocked out Wally Patterson, a big favorite in Columbus, and now the promoters and fans want to see Novecky and Jeakle hooked up. If they do get together it should prove a very highly pleasing match.

Speaking about this Novecky boy, I have it from Joe Nolan's dope in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that he has won his last five contests by knockouts, his victims being Wally Patterson, 7; Joe McGee, 3; Johnny Luke, 2; Lou Froman, 2, and Wally Patterson, 5. Mr. Nolan also says that Tom Jones, maker of champions, who is now located at Los Angeles, is very anxious to get two of Biddy Bishop's boxers to join him in the West—Anthony Downey and Alex Novecky.

"These two would prove sensations here in the four-round game," writes Jones to Bishop.

Ohio's best young middleweight boxer, Anthony Downey, has been deprived of no less than half a dozen matches in the South because boxers of his weight in that section have refused to meet him.

New Orleans promoters have wanted Tommy Freeman to meet Downey, but the latter refuses because of the difference of two or three pounds in weight, yet he meets others who are much heavier than Downey. Young Fisher was asked to box Downey at New Orleans. Fisher's manager insisted on a guarantee of $5,000. He remembers the lacing Downey gave him at Covington, Ky., no doubt. Other boxers have passed up offers of New Orleans promoters to meet Downey there.

Mike O'Rourke, local boxing promoter, believes Columbus needs an indoor boxing arena, and he proposes to erect one just as soon as he can get the proper location. Mr. O'Rourke is a true sportsman, has the money to operate on and commands the respect of the boxing public all over the state of Ohio.

Mike O'Rourke has promoted many of the big matches held in Columbus the past few years, among them being the Jock Malone-Anthony Downey contest, which drew a record crowd.

Word comes from Cincinnati to the effect that Biddy Bishop is installing a first-class gymnasium and boxing school, something the Queen City has needed for some time.

He has leased a building at 30 Opera Place, in the downtown business section, and the gymnasium will be open for use late in October.

There will be hot and cold baths, dressing stalls, lockers, rubbing boards, scales, a ring, bag ceilings, heavy swinging bags, weight machines, and all the necessary equipment needed in a first-class boxing school.

Bishop, who is an expert in the art of teaching, will direct the work personally.

The defeat of Joe Downey at the hands of Jack Renault probably eliminates one of the gamest young boxers in the heavyweight ranks from the game, and spoils a career that had every promise.

Joe Downey could fight, no question about that. He was as game as any boxer the ring ever knew. Joe was in no shape for his match with Firpo, and never should have taken the match with Renault. A dislocated vertebra sustained during his training for the Firpo bout is what hampered him in that match, yet he stayed the ten rounds. A year's rest is what Downey needed more than another match. Renault's victory is indeed shallow when the true facts are known.

Blockie Richards appears to have come back. His defeat of Young Webb proves conclusively that the Dayton phenom is just as good as ever, and if he doesn't reach championship form within the next year it will be only because he lacks the opportunities.

A match that all Dayton is looking forward to is one between Richards and K. O. Mars, the Cincinnati junior lightweight contender, who is going better than ever. Mars is willing to meet Richards, and the latter says he, too, is willing, so it would seem that Dayton will soon have a battle that will attract a record crowd.

NUTMEG FIGHT NOTES
By FRANKLYN J. ADAMS
Sporting Editor
Meriden (Conn.) Morning Record

Meriden started her indoor boxing shows October 11 with Tracey Ferguson, of Northford, and Young Leonard, of Wallingford, mixing it up in a 12-round engagement. Leonard, who is lion-hearted, absorbed a lot of punishment and landed but a very few good blows. The third round was practically the best of the bout with Ferguson battering his rival to the four corners of the ring, but unable to land a knockout punch. Leonard showed that he could take them on the jaw without any visible effect, but when they landed on the stomach the Sheik did not exhibit any great amount of pleasure. The opening bout was between Johnny Mason, of Bridgeport, and Willie Angelo, of Stamford, which was won by the former. Young Stanley Rogers, of Meriden, celebrated his return to the ring by defeating Frankie Murphy, of New Haven, in a four-rounder. Young Angelo, of Stamford, won the decision from Georgie Day, of New Haven, in eight rounds.

There was a bit of humor attached to the show that was somewhat provoking in addition. Someone, name unknown, sprinkled the ring with insect powder instead of resin and when the fighters started moving around they raised the "bug exterminator" from the floor to the noses of the patrons. The result was the sound of the gong at the end of each round was almost drowned out by the sneezing, sometimes in chorus and sometimes alone. Ye scribe claims a record for successive sneezes going the distance of 16 without a halt and missing an entire round thereby.

The Connecticut Sporting Club, of Hartford, opened up October 18 at Exhibition Hall, Charter Oak Park. Johnny Cooney, of Holyoke, well-known by this time to the Nutmeg fans, started in with Tiny Red Watson, of New Orleans, but the bout ended in the fifth round when Watson went down and remained on the canvas. The crowd, feeling he could have not arisen, had he wanted to, jeered was good with another knockout in favor of Harry Martone, the boxer. The rest of the card of Jersey City, over Young Marcel, of Holyoke. A ripping left hook to the ribs, delivered in the sixth round, brought Marcel to the canvas and incidentally ended the bout. Terry Parker, of Boston, outpointed Willie Shugrue, of Waterbury, in the opinion of everyone but the referee, "Jigger" McCarthy, who

awarded the verdict to the Shugrue.

This did not make any great hit with the fans and they voiced their disapproval. Frank O'Brien, of Hartford, and Joe Smith, of Bridgeport, made their entry into the professional ranks, with the victory in favor of the Hartfordite. The other bout brought together Young Coulon, of Hartford, and Freddie Blaine, of Holyoke, in the six-rounder, the decision going to the former.

Lou Bogash, just before hopping down to Newark to fight Harry Greb, won a hard-earned decision over Jock Malone, of St. Paul. This bout paved the way for Bogash getting a crack at Greb. The last fight between these two was staged in Boston and Bogash got everything that Malone could throw at him, but this time he upheld his share of the party.

Mickey Travers, of New Haven, is still going ahead in the fight world and winning the most of his battles. Mickey got his start when he defeated Eddie (Kid) Wagner some time ago and since his victory over Tommy Noble, the English featherweight, there have been several attempts made to match him with Louis (Kid) Kaplan, of Meriden. These two have met several times before, the last decision going in favor of the Meriden "bearcat."

Kid Kaplan is now after a bout with Jack Bernstein for the junior lightweight title, or with Johnny Dundee for the featherweight crown. Considering some of the battlers in and around New York who have been coupled with the names of Bernstein and Dundee there is no reason why the Meriden fighter should be ignored. In a nutshell (in speaking of Dundee) here is a brief summary of one of the principal reasons Kaplan wants a shot at the title. Johnny Shugrue defeated Dundee at Worcester, Eddie (Kid) Wagner defeated Dundee at Philadelphia. Kaplan has defeated both Wagner and Shugrue. In addition he has met and whipped Sammy Waltz, of Hartford; Freddy Jacks, champion of England; Billy De Foe, of St. Paul; Al Shubert, of New Bedford; Dutch Brandt, of New York; Mickey Travers, of New Haven; Hughey Hutchinson, of Philadelphia; Lt. Earl Baird, of New York; Babe Herman, of California; Gene Delmont, of Memphis; Andy Chaney, of Baltimore; Danny Frush, of England; Tommy Noble, of England, and Jimmy Goodrich, of Buffalo.

It is rumored that Benny Franklin, president of the Olympia A. C. of Baltimore, Md., is working to bring Dundee and Kaplan together. As for the Scotch-Wop coming to this state he asks for everything but a mortgage on Connecticut's tobacco fields and its state house. If the fight is staged it will be where there is more money.

Moe Levine, of Meriden, who was the promoter for the Elite A. C. of Meriden last winter, has been doing a bit of scouting around himself and trying to pave the way for a Kaplan-Bernstein fight in Meriden. Nothing has been settled, however, and if Kaplan fights the junior lightweight it will probably be somewheres else, too. But if a championship battle was staged in Meriden the building would bulge outward from the number of fans packed therein, by all reports.

Harry Wills, colored heavyweight contender for Dempsey's title, made his appearance at Stamford October 19 in an exhibition bout with Joe White, his sparring partner. Wills made a good impression, though he was obviously under "wraps." On the same card Eddie Mack, of Stamford, won a 12-round battle from Johnny Rose, who says he is the bantam champion of Canada. Young Angelo, also of Stamford, won over Frankie Maxwell, of New York, while Willie Angelo grabbed the victory from Young Eddy, of Greenwich.

Bobbie Garcia, of Baltimore, lost to Jack Hausner, of New York, on a foul in the 11th round at Norwalk, October 17. The Maryland boy had been repeatedly warned by Referee "Jigger" McCarthy for hitting low and also walloping his opponent off the breaks. Eddie Mack won over Billy Prince, of Bridgeport, in eight rounds; Young Mulligan earned the decision over Jimmy Proto, of New Haven, in the fifth round to save the New Havenite a severe pasting and Nick Dorsey defeated Kid Mercer, of Bridgeport, in the opening bout.

Billy De Foe, of St. Paul, paid Danielson a visit recently and while in town defeated Tommy Corbrey, of Gloucester, Mass., in the sixth of a 12-round go. Corbrey was saved by a humane referee from being knocked for a fare-thee-well. Young Eddy, of Providence, won the semi-final bout from Frankie Johnson, of Boston, and Joe Busch, of Norwich, took the measure of Billy Johnson, of Lynn, Mass., in one round of whirlwind fighting. Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion, who has made his headquarters at Danielson, "entertained" the fans with his sparring partner as the other end of the team.

Jackie Pilkington, of Meriden, is a coming youngster, though in the amateur ranks as yet. Jackie is a member of the "Fighting Pilkingtons"—Charlie and Frankie—and does not let his older brothers get away with any too much of the glory. Recently the "simon pure" cleaned up Bill Cunningham, state featherweight champion, and will soon step out for more fame. Frankie, who is between Jackie and Charlie in years, may soon step into the squared circle to earn his bit of fame. This family is well worth watching for there is a rich future ahead of it in the ring if it cares to take advantage of it.

Just before defeating Young Leonard, Tracey Ferguson, of Northford, journeyed to Boston where he defeated Al Sears at the Armory A. A. in eight rounds Ferguson had the better of the fight all the way through, scoring knock-downs in the first and fourth rounds and roughing up Sears in general.

Kid Kaplan departed from pugilistic circles for a brief time during the past month to make his debut in the movies. The pictures were taken by Henry J. King, manager of the Community theatre of Meriden, and showed the Connecticut fighter in training. The pictures appeared later at the Community theatre with successful showings.

BOXING IN WASHINGTON
By "DOC" DOUGHERTY

When Honey Boy Finnegan, the Army and Navy featherweight champion, who also holds the South American title at that weight, defeated Andy Bowen, District of Columbia feather and lightweight champion, in a hair-raising twelve-rounder, it closed the most successful open-air boxing season in the history of the capital city.

Boxing is not permitted in the District of Columbia. Various attempts to stage shows just across the district line, in the state of Maryland, have met with dismal failure.

Last spring Lieut. Heinie Miller, former boxer, manager, referee and promoter, with many years of experience in the mitt game, gained in California, took hold of Sportland Heights Arena. Although set back heavily in his first four starts, he gradually gained the sporting public's confidence, and soon his shows were outdrawing the Baltimore show, where boxing is permitted in the city proper.

Although Miller's audiences were required to come eleven miles into the country, and his patronage was limited to those who had motor transportation available, his followers never failed him, and all shows, every Thursday night, showed a box-office gain. No cheap shows were staged, and each main event was preceded by five or more preliminaries and an eight- or ten-round semi-final.

Not one single show was postponed on account of the weather. Many times it rained shortly before or immediately after the shows, but Miller's California luck must have been borrowed from "Sunshine" Jim Coffroth and transplanted to Washington.

Miller had intended closing the season with a championship show between Mike McTigue and Jackie Clark, but the Stribling affair in Columbus spilled the beans when over $7,000 had been taken in in advance sales. Miller proposes making several trips to New York this winter to arrange some top-notch matches for the next season, to open in May of 1924.

Among the matches staged this year at Washington were the following: Honey Boy Finnegan defeated Bobby Garcia for the all-service featherweight title.

Jack Perry defeated Al Ward for the all-service middleweight title, Perry representing the Navy, Ward the Army.

Young Dencio, Filipino flyweight, knocked out Midget Carbon.

Mel Coogan knocked out Sid Marks.

Joe Dundee, Baltimore sensation, whipped Mel Coogan.

Charley Holman, Richmond star, twice defeated Joey Schwartz, Detroit bantam.

Joey Schwartz defeated Roy Moore.

Andy Bowen defeated Sammy Fulton and Goldie Ahearn.

Original Kid Sullivan, in a great come-back campaign, brought back the memories of his bouts with Britt, Nelson, etc., by boxing two bang-up fights with Heinie Orchard, another veteran, who came into prominence on the coast some years ago by virtue of his thirty-three-round kayo win over Chicago Jack White at Tia Juana. Sullivan lost the first decision to Orchard, but won the second. Both bouts were fairly even.

Joe Dundee defeated Allentown Roddie McDonald.

Andy Bowen defeated Harlem Petey Kelly.

Jackie Clarke, Allentown, defeated Jack Duffy, Chicago.

Little Jeff defeated Young Fitzsimmons, and later won from Matty Dechter.

Jack Perry won from Jack McCarthy.

Italian Jack Renzo won from Al Ward, but later lost to Jack Perry.

The Washington arena is one of the finest open-air arenas in the country—modern and solidly constructed throughout, with a concrete floor and tiers of seats high into the surrounding tree tops. It has a seating capacity of 6,000, and, with prices ranging from $10 to $30 for a championship fight, could draw a $25,000 house. For the Coogan-Marks show, the banner crowd of the season, over 500 patrons were turned away as the arena was jammed to the walls.

Boxing is on its feet in Washington. The people will patronize shows conducted on the up-and-up, and really are in favor of a bill authorizing the Queensbury game within the limits of Washington proper.

ARIZONA GOSSIP

Every indication points to a very busy season for the boxers, managers and promoters in the baby state this winter. There are now three clubs running successfully at Phoenix, Miami and Superior, all under the direction of Art Shannon, who is termed the Pioneer Promoter of Arizona, and who makes his headquarters in Phoenix, where he can be addressed at 1011 West Adams Street. Good boys making a jump from the East to the Pacific Coast will make no mistake in communicating with Art, and will probably be able to arrange one or more matches en route.

Last week the Arizona State Fair was in progress, and this is now followed by a twenty-five-days' race meet, which should bring a great many of the sporting fraternity in from the outside. Those, combined with the regular winter tourists who always flood Phoenix during this season, should give boxing a very liberal patronage and make it worth while for the high-class boxers to come here.

Billy McCann and Billy Alger, lightweights fought here in the main bout on October 26. Billy McCann recently lost a decision here to Billy Hunfeld, but made a hit with the local fans with his boring-in, rip-tearing style of fighting. Billy Alger, always a favorite for the same reason, gave the gallery boosters plenty to cheer for. The match created a great deal of interest locally.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS
By ART WINCH

Charlie White, since his recent fight at the Garden in New York, has been taking a much needed rest, and after going through a routine of road work, golfing, and horseback riding at French Lick, Ind., he has returned to Chicago and started to prepare himself for a busy winter campaign.

After a defeat White always comes back and fights with greater determination than ever. When he was defeated by Leonard he came back and scored a number of knockouts over good men and scored a succession of victories. Then, after he had almost reached his goal, he was defeated by Johnny Dundee in New York. White later gave Dundee the most terrific beating of his career at Rock Island, Ill., Dundee saving himself from a knockout by continually holding. It seems that White fights harder after a defeat than when he is riding along the crest of victory. White trains at Ferretti's gymnasium.

Harry Mueller, Chicago junior lightweight, has come to life again. Mueller did most of his boxing in the East, and now has placed himself under the management of Sig Hart, who is keeping him busy, boxing once a week. In his last start Mueller earned a ten round draw with Jimmy Muzzy, at Milwaukee, and what a fight they put up.

The rapid rise of Joe O'Hara, the Fort Dodge, Iowa, welterweight, shows that he may have the makings of a champion. A year ago he was picked up by "Genial" Jack O'Keefe, one of the shrewdest managers in Chicago. Jack did not know O'Hara had boxed before but was amazed by his build. O'Keefe put him to work at the Arcade Gym. He sought local promoters to use his newly acquired protege, but all turned a deaf ear to his plea. Finally he was given a six-round preliminary with a rugged Pacific coast lad named Harry Simmons. They put up such a wonderful exhibition that another promoter sitting at the ringside immediately signed them back, to box the semi-final at his show. On both occasions O'Hara won. Since then O'Hara has been going like a house a-fire. He has defeated Jack Britton, Cowboy Padgett, Patsy Rocco, Johnny Tillman, Billie Stearns and Dave Shade.

O'Hara recently met Dave Shade in Aurora, Ill., which nearly all the newspaper writers at the ringside gave O'Hara a shade. Jim Mullen, matchmaker for several clubs, is now after Micky Walker to box O'Hara for a date sometime this month. There is also a talk about matching O'Hara with Sailor Friedman.

Tommy O'Brien, Pacific coast lightweight, is in New York, where Manager Phil Elwell has several matches lined up for him. O'Brien knocked out Elino Flores in two rounds in Chicago recently.

Rocky Joyce, west-side 128 pounder, who has not boxed since last winter, is getting ready for a strenuous campaign. Joyce has placed himself under the management of Babe Mullany and will have the support of the Twenty-seventh Ward Democratic Club.

Just when it looked as though we had picked out a brand new champion for the bantamweight class, along comes word that Harold Smith, the nifty little bantam of Chicago, had sprung a case of water on his knee, and will probably be out of the game for one month. Smith twisted his knee during the third round of his battle with Danny Lee in Madison Square Garden last month. When Smith returned home in Chicago an examination revealed the real situation and an operation was decided upon.

Jim Mullen, local fistic impresario, has turned his attention to other cities now that the boxing game is rather quiet around here. Jim, who has a faculty for making interesting matches, has been appointed matchmaker for the Angelica Athletic Club at St. Louis, which runs shows at the Coliseum. The Peoria Fans Association have also instructed Mullen to make their matches. These two clubs and the new club at Blue Island will keep Mullen busily engaged until the spring season opens.

Ray Jeffries, local bantamweight, who is under the management of Ben Rhams, left for the Pacific coast where he will take part in five bouts of four-round duration. Jeffries was accompanied by his trainer, Sam Roth. Ray will make a big hit out on the Coast, for his style will please the fans.

Johnny Kopp, the promising Roseland welterweight, is now under the wing of Ben Rhams, who is seeking bouts with any of the 145 pounders. Kopp recently gave Jimmy Anderson a hard fight and wants a return match, winner take all.

Al Bergar, star welterweight, who in the past six months defeated the best boys on the Coast, returned from the Coast a few weeks ago and now is ready to meet any welterweight in the country. This welterweight will go to New York as he has a promise from Matchmaker Frank Flournoy, of Madison Square Garden, that he will use Bergar.

Jimmy Dennis, St. Louis featherweight, still is on the trail of Charlie Glaser, who knocked him out in two rounds last winter. Dennis wants it known that he is in proper shape now and wishes the chance to redeem himself.

Amateur boxing bouts at Ferretti's Gym are drawing big crowds every Thursday night. A crowd of five hundred is nothing unusual to see boys in the various classes in action.

Charlie Van, Sig Hart's sensational heavyweight, is the latest "Hope" around Chicago. Van has ten straight victories under his belt and Hart wants to match him with Bob Roper, Jack Renault, Floyd Johnson or Fred Fulton.

Frankie Jummatti, west side bantamweight, has started training for a busy fall campaign at Ferretti's. Jummatti has defeated some of the leading bantams in the country and now is after a match with Harold Smith, Joe Burman or Bud Taylor.

Ernie Goozeman showed himself to be a real fighter at St. Louis last night when he stopped Eddie Anderson in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round fight. Knocking out featherweights who have never been K. O'd before is Goozeman's specialty.

He administered the same medicine to Joey Sanger in Milwaukee, and Frankie Schaeffer at East Chicago recently. Since coming to the Midwest from his native city, San Diego, a few months ago, Ernie has won all of his ten battles. He meets Irish Johnny Curtin at Peoria, Ill., November 8. He claims to be the most aggressive fighter and appears to be all that and a little bit more.

COLORADO BOXING NOTES
By LESLIE SHOWERS

A pair of fistic hopefuls have moved into the sport spotlight of the Peak to Peak region. They are Don "Terror" Long of Colorado Springs and Harry Bramer of Denver.

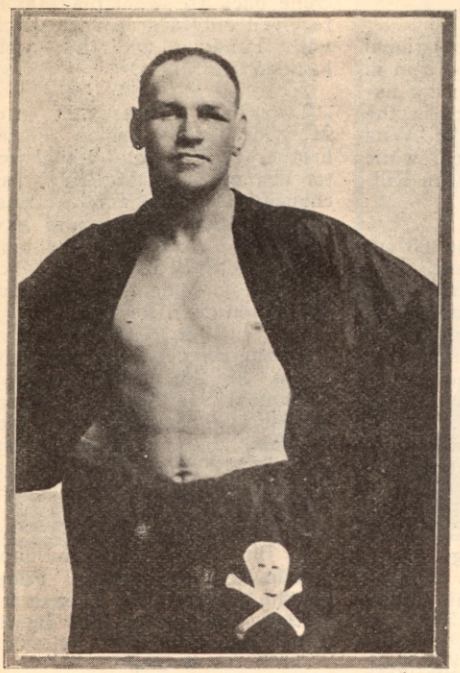
The "Terror," who is a featherweight, defeated sturdy Jack Doyle of Denver in six rounds at the Capital City the night of Oct. 12. The Springs high school lad was leading by a good margin up to the sixth canto when Doyle sent home a punch that landed far below the belt, ending the go. Johnny Corbett, veteran trainer, who developed Young Corbett, former featherweight champion of the world, is coaching Long.

Harry Bramer upset the well-known dope bucket by slapping to sleep in nine rounds the promising Bud Hamilton, Oklahoma bantamweight. Hamilton previously had whipped Midget Smith of New York, Kewpie Callender of Chicago, and the best 118-pounders in the region. Bramer dropped Bud several times and blasted his boxing hopes with a hard right to the jaw. Hamilton was then and is now a great little ring prospect, but Bramer proved too much for him. Harry is going better now than he has ever gone before. He has boxed fights with such prominents as Champion Joe Lynch, Pal Moore, Jack Kid Wolfe, Dandy Dick Griffin, and other cracks. He is seeking matches with Joe Burman and Joe Lynch.

Tommy Gibbons appeared in vaudeville at Denver and Colorado Springs the latter part of October. Bill Hart acted as his sparring partner at the Mile Hi city, while Don Long engaged him in exhibitions at L'l Lunnon.

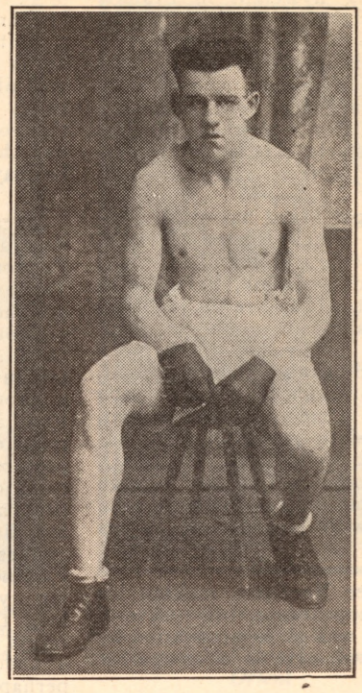
With the lid clamped down tightly on the knuckle-twirling game in Denver, Colorado fans must look to Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Trinidad for the favorite pastime. The Veterans of Foreign Wars are promoting in the Springs, the National Guard at Pueblo, and Frank Rose at Trinidad.

Willie Hope and Bud Hamilton have gone to the Pacific Coast where they are enjoying a big degree of success. Hope and his manager, Tod Sloan, made the invasion some few weeks ago, since which Willie has engaged in five bouts, winning four and getting a draw in the other start. Sam Buxbaum reports that Hamilton has a series of hard bouts coming up at Vernon and Hollywood.



Capt. Bob Roper of Virginia, who is open to meet any heavyweight in the country. Roper is here shown with his famous "Cross Bone & Skull," the design which he uses on all his fighting togs. Capt. Roper declares that his weird design scares his opponents before the battle begins.

Harold Farese, Newark bantam, who made a trip around the world, engaging in several bouts in the Orient. Farese recently returned and brought the above photo with him showing him with Pete Sarmiento, bantamweight champion of the Orient, who is now in the United States.



Willie Davis, of Elizabeth, N. J., an aggressive two-fisted battler who doesn't know the meaning of the word "halt." Davis, managed by Lou Brix, has made considerable headway. He is a classy boy and will bear watching. Davis has a big following in his home town.

BALTIMORE GOSSIP
By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

Benny Schwartz made a great showing in his fight with Pancho Villa before the Olympia A. C. on October 12. While the little brown battler from the Philippines won the decision by a wide margin Schwartz gained many friends by his willingness to mix it at all times and showed the local skeptics that he could take punishment without flinching. Matchmaker Benny Franklin handled the largest boxing crowd that ever saw a match in this city and he hopes to bring other first class attractions to Baltimore during the Winter season.

Len Brenner, Lancaster's premier flyweight, won the laurels in a twelve-round bout here on Oct. 17 before Max Waxman's club. For seven rounds both boys stood toe to toe and slugged. From the seventh stanza on Brenner forged steadily to the front, although Carp made a whirlwind finish and looked to have the invader in a bad way at the final bell. Brenner made a hit with local fans and he will likely be matched again with Carp in the near future.

Referee Charlie Short threw a bombshell into the ranks of the local boxers when he disqualified Kid Williams for the illegal use of the kidney punch in his fight with "Parson" Holman of Richmond. Williams has always employed this blow in his bouts here, but never was given more than a warning. In the Holman fight he was admonished several times and when he persisted in the use of this blow Short stopped the contest and awarded Holman the decision. Short is to be commended for his actions in the matter. What Baltimore always has lacked was a referee with backbone enough to defy the tin horn gamblers who frequent the local cubs and attempt to influence decisions.

Rosey Stoy, featherweight boxer of Lancaster, Pa., and his managers, Joe Barrett and Emory Kahl, have been indefinitely suspended by the Maryland Boxing Commission. Stoy refused to meet Kid Williams here after his managers had signed a contract. This is the second time Barrett has been suspended and it will likely be some time before his boys can appear here.

An acute attack of appendicitis forced Frankie Rice to postpone his quarrel with Bob Garcia scheduled for October 29th. This battle stirred up quite a lot of enthusiasm among the rooters here but the postponement will only serve to whet their appetites.

Eddie Burnbrook has struck his stride again and was credited with a victory over Paul Doyle in New York last month. Burnbrook suffered a broken hand several weeks ago, but the injured member has healed nicely and he is again ready to try to fight his way to a match with Micky Walker for the welter crown.

When Ever Hammer shot a wicked right to Joe Dundee's jaw in the fourth round of their bout at the Gayety Theatre it looked as though Joe's sensational winning streak had suddenly terminated. But the East Baltimore Italian took the count of nine, clinched until he got his bearings and won the decision after a hard uphill fight.

Dundee's work in local rings this season stamps him as one of the best lightweights turned out here since the days of Kid Sullivan and Soldier Burns.

BUFFALO BOXING NOTES
By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo's great bantamweight, who has been on the shelf for a month, is ready to box again. Tommy was forced to undergo a minor operation but is all right now and all set for a crack at Joe Lynch, bantamweight champion.

Ryan is dangerously close to the title. He whipped such good boys as Irish Johnny Curtin, Joe Burman, Carl Tremaine, Pal Moore, Terry Martin, Abe Goldstein, Herbie Schaefer and others. Ryan is a combination boxer-fighter and he is a hard man to beat. His super-cleverness makes it almost impossible for him to be hit with a left hand and without an exception, barring Mike Gibbons, Ryan is the best fighter the writer has ever seen.

Frankie Schoell defeated Johnny Tillman here in his last fight. Schoell needs a couple of more battles before going against the best, but he will soon strike his gait. Schoell is a corking good welterweight and will be Mickey Walker's most dangerous contender this season.

Buffalo fistic fans were more than surprised at the defeat of Rocky Kansas by Jack Bernstein. Kansas was backed heavily by local sports who thought the stocky Italian would romp home with the decision. It's possible that Rocky wasn't right for this match. He needs a lot of hard work and good sparring partners for heavy work in the gym.

Jimmy Goodrich has been going good since placing himself under Charlie Rose in New York. He has whipped Pal Moran, Alex Hart and Sammy Cohen. Kid Kaplan is the only fighter who has whipped him.

Phil O'Dowd, the Columbus bantam who beat Joe Lynch in a 12-round decision bout at the Lexington Opera House, New York, just before Lynch won back his title from Johnny Buff, is now making Buffalo his headquarters and is going along fine. O'Dowd is a very clever boxer and can beat nearly all the 118 to 120-pounders.

Jimmie Mack has a very promising flyweight in Frankie Muzdy, formerly of Erie, Pa., but now of Buffalo. Mack thinks Muzdy is good enough to fight Pancho Villa and many critics here share his belief. Muzdy has not lost a fight in his last twenty starts. He is getting better and better.

Manager Mack has other good boys in Chick Rivers of Lockport, N. Y., a junior lilghtweight and Mickey Dillon, Erie, featherweight. They are all favorites in Buffalo.

Jack Singer's big heavyweight, Tony Stabeneau, defeated Bob Holmes, a colored middleweight, in the sixth round of a scheduled six-round bout at the Q. A. C. show on Oct. 26. George Needham, referee, stopped the match with Holmes out on his feet.

Referee Needham, making his first appearance in several months, was given an ovation by the crowd. He is a competent official.

Dick Nugent, dean of local referees, is another very good man. Nugent has been called upon to referee in New York, Rochester and other points in New York State. Dick has plenty of "guts" and calls them as he sees 'em. He is not a home umpire, like a lot of them we might mention.

The glove game is in excellent condition in this city. Both the Velodrome and the Queensberry clubs are making money.

NEWS FROM THE ORIENT
By CARMELO P. JACINTO

On the night of Sept. 15 at the Olympic Stadium, Manila, P. I., Frisco Concepcion, speedy Olongapo Flash, won over Joe Suzara, fly champ of the Orient, in a twelve-round fray; and consequently became flyweight kingpin of the Orient again. The match was almost one-sided, for Suzara appeared slow and clumsy before his darting, jabbing, dodging adversary—the flashing Concepcion of Olongapo.

Frisco won all the rounds except two—the fourth and fifth. In these rounds Suzara, in a desperate effort to rally, bore in determinedly and slugged blindly and ceaselessly. But even then he found the heady Concepcion ready and willing to slug, hit, and punch. Suzara won these two rounds by shades. In the remaining ten rounds, however, Frisco was always in the front jabbing, hooking, outboxing and even outslugging the defeated but game Suzara. All in all, Frisco won because of his obviously superior cleverness, dazzling speed, and fast footwork. Little Joe, always slow, appeared like an eel and a novice beside his master, Frisco Concepcion.

Young Pilapil, a local bantam, won over Young Gonzalo and Syd Keenan recently. Continuous slugging and infighting were the victorious weapons he employed against the two. Young Pilapil or F. Pilapil, as he is now known, in Manila, is a bantam possessing a hefty wallop in either hand. He is a terrible slugger, but devoid of ring science and generalship. If somebody would take the youngster in tow and teach him the fine points of the game he may be heard from soon.

Macario Villon has gone to Australia. Joe Suzara, Terry Pandong, Irineo Flores and Tenebro Santos are planning to go there also. Silvino Jamito previously wanted to go to the U. S. early in October and follow in Sarmiento's footsteps, but a promise to match him with Elino Flores when the latter arrived on Oct. 30, has made him postpone his trip. These departures of Filipino champions and title contenders do not mean well for the fistic game in the Philippines. If this exodus of Filipino titleholders and promising youngsters continues for long, the already diminishing interest in boxing would receive a sudden, calamitous fall, and perhaps temporarily kill boxing in and around Manila. Search for new ring faces, for new and promising mitt slingers, is the proposed remedy. These are only too true as can be seen in the constant declining interest in ring affairs Manila fight fans are showing. If new talent is found and if Elino Flores comes home on Oct. 30 and Villa in December, as is rumored, then in all probability, the boxing game here will receive another big boost as it did in 1921. Real ring followers do pray and hope for such happenings.

In a brave endeavor to revive the boxing interest, the Olympic Stadium staged an amateur card on Sept. 29. Provincial boxers are also encouraged to come to Manila and show their fistic wares. We hope sincerely and deeply for this plan's complete success.

Two hurricane main events and thrilling preliminaries featured the Olympic Stadium card on Saturday night, Sept. 22, 1923.

Clever Sencio, a flyweight, and the veteran Pete Alberto, drew in ten rounds, characterized by stiff punches. In the second ten-rounder that classy Young Gonzalo defeated the experienced Young Santos in a close, heated, chest-heaving bantamweight contest. The Alberto-Sencio battle was a good, clean draw. Alberto's annoying southpaw style bothered Sencio a lot in the early rounds, but after solving it in the closing rounds, especially in the last three, the clever one administered a sound drubbing to the left-handed Pete that almost resulted in a ten-second count for the latter. The draw decision was a popular one.

Flashy Young Gonzalo after his winning, remarkable rally in the ninth and ten rounds, deserved the referee's decision over his veteran opponent, Young Santos. The preliminaries were also interesting, most of them being rounds of furious, torrid milling.

Jack Dempsey's sensational knockout of Luis Angel Firpo in the second round is causing nation-wide discussion here in the Islands. Many are for the "Wild Bull" in a return match, while many more pick the "Man-Killer" to win again.

The champions of the Orient follow: Flyweight, Frisco Concepcion of Olongapo, Zambales; bantamweight, Pete Sarmiento, now in the U. S. (no elimination contest for the bantamweight championship has yet been held). Young Gonzalo, Johnny Hill of Cavite, Syd Keenan, F. Pilapil, Kid Pepe, and Young Santos are the only promising bantams remaining.

Featherweight, Terry Pandong.

Lightweight, Silvino Jamito, who about a month ago easily outpointed Irineo Flores in a return bout and became lightweight champion.

Welterweight, Irineo Flores. Irineo proved himself the best of our welters by trouncing Raymond Toomeny, Panay welterweight, in a fight for the title.

The middleweight, light heavy and heavyweight classes are dead here because no Filipino of real class, ability, or calibre is, as yet, able to make the weights.

BOXING IN MANILA
By PABLO T. ANIDO

Silvino Jamito, the Filipino fighting tornado and local lightweight champion, gave Stanley McBride, of Chicago, a beating here recently, but the decision rendered was a draw. The fans were surprised at the verdict. McBride also met Pandong, the local featherweight champ, and was defeated.

* * *

Stanley after the defeat returned to Vancouver where he is scheduled to show his wares. Although he was somewhat of a "but" in Manila, still the best wishes of the Filipino fight fans for his success in the land of opportunity went with him.

* * *

The final stage of elimination contest among the crack bantams for the honor of wearing the crown vacated by Pete Sarmiento who is now in the U. S. was won by Billy Tingle, the Australian bantam. Tingle successfully demonstrated his craftiness in the ring in twelve rounds of terrific fighting with Leonardo Garcia. Although the fight was declared a championship affair, the fans here feel it is unfair to deprive Sarmiento of his crown simply because he has gone the way of Pancho Villa and others and is seeking glory in the U. S.

* * *

With the acquisition of the bantamweight championship of the Orient, Tingle is receiving a shower of challenges from crack bantams such as Hill, Keenan and the game little Joe Suzara. Tingle, who it was thought would work his way to a bout with the world's flyweight champion, Pancho Villa, if the latter should come back to sweet old Manila, received only a draw in his fight with Pandong and then went back to the States.

* * *

Two hard hitters met when McBride faced Irineo Flores, brother to Elino, and actual welter champion, in McBride's last chance to make good. Irineo captured the decision and gave McBride a sound drubbing. Flores as well as any of Mac's previous opponents, were evidently too good for him.

* * *

Among the new stars that have arisen in the Philippine ring firmament are Tenebro Santos, Mariano Adriano, Pilapil and Gonzalo. Boxing critics in Manila are talking nothing but of the future possibilities of these boxers.

* * *

In the recent Keenan-Pilapil, Sencio-Domingo bouts, Pilapil got the decision over Keenan and Sencio won on a foul in the fourth round.

* * *

The Ring is surely getting to be every boxer's and sportsman's magazine. Even the children show a great liking for the boxer's photos in this high-class book. They are sold at nearly every show house in Manila and are selling like hotcakes.

* * *

The Villa-Wilde fight film is going over big at Manila cinematographs and several hundred people were turned away at the opening performance.

* * *

The boxing tournament of the students of the University of the Philippines, held at Gen. Luna Hall, was a great success and a large number of students, ladies and professors were out to see the bouts. Competitors were classed into five divisions—105, 115, 125, 135 and 145.

* * *

The fourth clash between Concepcion and Suzara, for the Flyweight championship of the Orient, was won by Concepcion on points last Sept. 15. Both little giants have now two decisions in their favor, respectively. Concepcion surprised nearly every fan in the house by beating Suzara, as this victory carried with it the Zamora belt. The fight was full of pep from start to finish.

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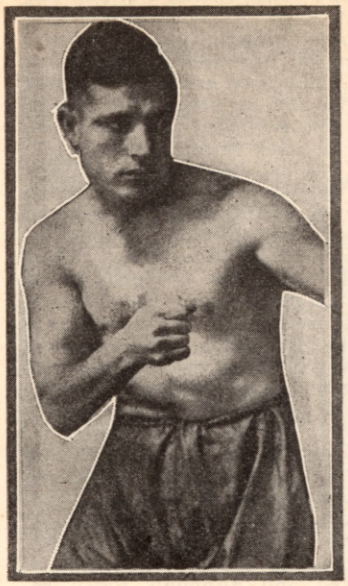
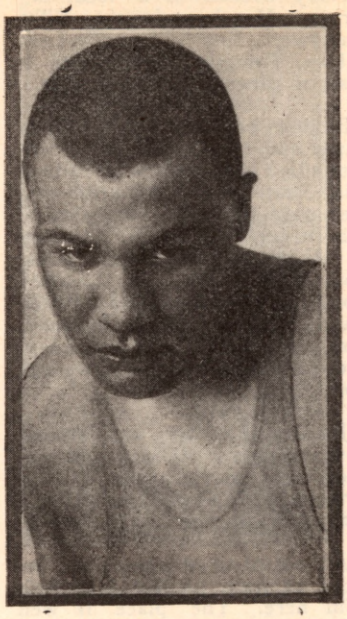
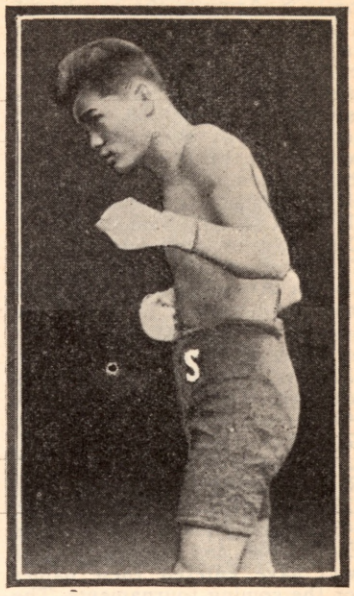
Bartley Madden, the "Fighting Irishman of New York," who defeated Leo Gates and Jack McAuliffe, 2d, in his first two starts here



Freddie Santa Marie, who formerly boxed under the name of Ed Young Ketchell, and is fighting under the management of Phil Bernstein



Bill Tate, former colored heavyweight aspirant for titular honors, who was knocked out by Godfrey in the Garden recently



Pete Sarmiento, stable-mate of Pancho Villa and holder of the Bantamweight Championship of the Orient

BOXING BITS FROM SOUTHWEST AND MEXICO

By DON CEE

Jack Fowler, San Antonio's best bet for junior lightweight honors, has journeyed to the West Coast, where he will try his hand at the four-round game. Before he left for the Coast, Fowler won over Tony Caponi at Shreveport, Louisiana, in the eighth round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout, then returned to his own territory and knocked out another tough opponent down in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, four days later.

All Fowler's friends say he will cut his way through the host of junior lights and lightweights on the Coast, but it is our opinion, that it is no easy matter for any stranger to the four-round game to step right in on the start off and create a sensation. Hence we sincerely hope our Southwestern representative on the Coast will train properly for the fast four rounders and be in perfect condition before he starts.

Frankie McFarland, featherweight, formerly of Boston, but now making his home in San Antonio, Texas, has been traveling along at a fast clip, but has to go outside Texas in order to get bouts, as it seems the boys around his own camping grounds want none of him. They can't be blamed much, as Frankie is one of those tearing, slashing fighters, who learned how to fight and box at the beginning of his career and he is at the stage right now where he will be able to hold his own against any of the leading featherweight contenders. Among his past victims, McFarland numbers Danny Pavese, Joe Burman, Frankie Garcia, Bob Garcia, Joe Ritchie, Ernie Hahn, Al Walker, Joe Alvarez, Jimmy Dundee, Sam Rico, "Rabbit" Palmer and many other Eastern and Southwestern boys who are eager to knock Johnny Dundee loose from his diadem.

Ed W. Harter, promoter of Indianapolis, Indiana, is after McFarland's services and should McFarland come to terms, Indianapolis fans will see a real attraction.

The latest bantam sensation to spring up in the Southwest is William Williams, who hails from Brownsville, Texas, across the "River" from Matomoras, Mexico. Williams is fighting under the name of Kid Williams and from present appearances he will hold up the good reputation of the great little ex-champion of Baltimore, Md. Kid Williams of Texas has fought in several cities through the Republic of Mexico and is a popular idol below the Rio Grande River. While in the U. S. Navy at Norfolk, Virginia, Kid Williams fought several of the good Eastern boys including Kid Williamson, "Red" Farese, Ray Thompson, and while Williams was sporting the khaki of Uncle Sam's Army, he fought the featherweight champ of the Army, knocking him out in one minute and sixteen seconds. Since pitching his camp in San Antonio, Texas, Williams has fought several of the best boys available with all credit to himself and is now looking for work through his manager, Don Curley, all over the Southwest. Williams will not have any trouble getting work, as he is a pleasing fighter, who always gives the best in him and fights because he loves his work.

Kid Pancho showed to good advantage again on Oct. 16th, when he kayoed Tony Ross of Pittsburgh, Pa., at San Antonio. Pancho stopped the Pennsylvania boy in the eighth round of a scheduled twelve-round fracas, but not until Ross had given him a boxing lesson and showed the little Spaniard how they learn to fight up Pittsburgh way. Ross had every round until the knockout, according to all the newspaper men at the ringside, and at the rate Tony was stepping, he would have clearly outpointed the Pancho Kid, but he made the mistake of stepping into one of Pancho's well known right poison pokes, which spells curtains any time it lands. Ross made a very good impression on the Alamo City fans and can fight back there any time.

Ft. Clark and Ft. McIntosh, cavalry posts in the Southern part of Texas, are putting on weekly boxing cards and drawing to good houses. Ft. Bliss, at the extreme west end of Texas near the Mexican border, reports that they also are showing to packed houses. All the Army camps in Texas have built large open air arenas that will, in most cases, accommodate several thousand fans. Kelly Field will hold their Winter indoor shows in one of the large airplane hangars, that will seat two thousand fans comfortably.

Boxing will open again in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, on Sunday, Nov. 4th, when Arelio Cavozoz starts his first indoor show in the new Mexicana Theatre seating two thousand patrons. Senor Cavozoz does not read or understand English, so he relies on getting his boxing talent through Don Curley, of Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, is but 150 miles due south of San Antonio, Texas, and as San Antonio is the gateway to Mexico, it is a good point for boxers contemplating work down in Mexico to start from.

Army posts all over the country are arranging all sorts of attractions in the way of shows to collect money for the Army Relief Society and Kelly Feld, the aero depot of Texas, will have one of the largest shows on record on November 10th in celebration of Armistice Day, also to make money for the Army Beneficial Society. Kelly Field had one of the largest air circuses ever witnessed; there were over 400 planes in the air over San Antonio, Texas, and vicinity at the same time during the day, and at night there were a series of boxing contests with soldiers and civilian professionals participating. Frankie McFarland, featherweight, Kid Williams, bantam, Kid Gilbert, bantam and Arizona Kid, lightweight, were the professional boxers who participated in the Kelly Field arrangements on Armistice Day. Arrangements for the different attractions were in charge of Col. J. H. Howard, Capt. Houghland and Don Curley.

Wichita Falls, Texas, has started boxing under the supervision of the American Legion and it is our hope that they will put the game over in a proper manner, as Wichita Falls is a sizable city and the game draws well there.

A young fighter of the Southwest who is apt to be heard from later is "Babe" Stroud, hailing from a small Southern Texas town. Babe is young and undeveloped yet and has a lot to learn, but we predict that within another twelve months young Stroud will be traveling with the best of them and be more than a local champion in the flyweight ranks.

Jimmy Finley, claimant of the Southern welterweight championship, is wanted in San Antonio, Texas, for a December bout against one of the best welters available in the country. At the time of this writing negotiations had been started for the services of Bermondsey Billy Wells, the English welter champ.

Kid Husky, junior lightweight, and Battling Shields, both aviator boxers of Kelly Field, Texas, will soon be ready to join the professional ranks. Both are conscientious in their training and have won every bout they have started in.

The entire 8th Corps area of the U. S. Army in the Southwest is getting ready and training up its boxers to compete in an inter-camp boxing tournament. The camps around San Antonio, Texas, will doubtless put on some hot fights, as there are many good boys being developed in that section. Kelly Field (one of the largest aero depots in the U. S. A.); Ft. Sam Houston, Camp Travis and Camp Bulis, Texas, are all on the outskirts of San Antonio and the Camps mentioned boast a lineup of the best Army boxers. The boxers of Kelly Field are Kid Husky, 130; A. Plummer, 118; Harry Murphy, 135; Battling Shields, 140; Geo. Galleger, 168; Fred Gailbraith, 155; W. Hanson, 155; L. Tomszac, 145; Fred Mills, 132; R. Rogers, 150; C. Louaillier, 128; J. Miller, 154; S. Lancaster, 145; Claud Flagg, 155; John Escue, 160 and several others who have entered their names for the coming tournaments. The best boys of Ft. Sam Houston are "Rabbit" Palmer, 126; Johnny Simpson, 140; F. Brazier, 160; Jack Shertell, 135. Practically all the boxers of Ft. Sam Houston are professionals who have been fighting several years. We predict that there will be boxers developed in the U. S. Army 8th Corps area, who will win the next Army Olympics overseas.

Col. J. H. Howard, commander of Kelly Field, Texas, and Capt. Houghland, the athletic officer, are taking a great interest in the coming Army boxing tournaments and are doing all in their power to boost good clean athletics of all sorts and boxing in particular. With the sort of cooperation they are receiving the Kelly Field aviators should win through to the finals.

Don Curley, ex-Middle Western boxer of note, who has been appointed as civilian boxing director of Kelly Field, reports his flying fighters all in good condition and confident they will do great things in the coming tournaments. The Army posts taking such an interest in boxing will mean a lot to the grand old game throughout the Southwest, where it has not as yet been legalized.

TRENTON FISTIC COLUMN
By EDDIE M'FARLAND

The Armory A. A., a new boxing house, opened its doors here a fortnight ago with Joe Kid Emmons and Mickey Mooney providing the main attraction. Mickey won and retained his city lightweight title.

The wild man from France, Battling Siki, witnessed the show and joined the rest of the fans in tendering an ovation to the fighters at the end of the mill.

Joe Reno scored an impressive victory here several weeks ago when he beat Danny Rogers. Later he lost a close decision to Alex Hart at the Arena in Philadelphia. Hart was the winner by a shade but Joe lost none of his popularity and will be seen there again shortly.

Terry Brooks is a local favorite. He has fought Billy Marlowe, Roy Moore, Lew Paluso, Tommy Murphy and a host of other good boys here.

Boxing here has been in a slump and the shows are poorly patronized despite the fact that Cliff Smith, the local promoter, uses only the best boys obtainable, using such worthy mittmen as Wildman Gould, Pat Mills, Tommy Kid Murphy, Charley Goodman, Joe Reno, Ray Pryel, Danny Cooney, Ray Mitchell, Tim Droney, Mickey Mooney, and others too numerous to mention.

Johnny Faraday has settled down to hard training and expects to show around Long Branch and Easton this Winter.

All out-of-town boxers are invited to train at Kid Murphy's gym here. The place is well fitted up and the Kid is very popular here.

Sammy Fulton is training at Murphy's where he is conditioning himself for a busy Winter campaign. Sam's latest victim was Johnny Hayes of Philadelphia. Sam took the bout on a minute's notice, but this did not hinder him from dealing Hayes a terrific beating.

IOWA-NEBRASKA BOXING NOTES
By DON FAIR

Sioux City, Iowa, is blessed with three fighters who can fight and are always ready to take engagements. Connie Curry, Newsboy Brown and Earl McArthur are the trio. These three bantams have boxed with the cream of their class and it still remains a toss-up as to which of these lads is the best.

Sam Slotsky, Sioux City promoter, is planning an elimination contest with the three boys to see which is the best man. The winner will then get a shot with Midget Smith, crack New York bantam. Slotsky is planning the show for some time in December and a record house for the sporty Iowa city will be the result.

Tommy Ryan, Des Moines promoter, is still staging shows twice monthly. The Iowa capital city impresario always manages to give his fan following a show worth seeing and the result is that Des Moines crowds are becoming a little better with each show. Tommy hopes to bring his customers along until he can give them championship caliber bouts. Among the better men that have shown their pugilistic wares in Ryan's arena are Jack Britton, Pal Moore, Johnny Tillman, Otto Wallace, Joe 'OHara, Clonie Tait and Pinkey Mitchell.

Jack Lewis, Omaha, who manages Tiny Jim Herman, is very much pleased with the way in which 225-pound Tiny bumped off Mr. Clem Johnson the other evening in Minneapolis. Lewis is now satisfied that Herman can beat Jack Renault should the two be brought together again. Renault beat Herman once but not until they had made a great fight and a return match in Omaha between the two stars would pack in the customers.

Waterloo, Iowa, boasts a heavyweight who is rapidly forging to the front in the person of Ralph Alexander. Alexander in his last few starts leaves the impression that he will soon become quite a serious contender in his division. The Hawkeye heavy is an army product and began his boxing career while in the service of Uncle Sam.

Morrie Schlaiffer, Omaha welter, left the home diggings long enough last month to take a trip to Chicago and knock over Mr. Patsy Rocco in six rounds. It was a great fight while it lasted and although Patsy received the punch of perfect peace on the whiskers he gave all he had while he was on his feet and gamely took his lacing. Schlaiffer, like Charlie White, is blessed with a left hook that means curtains should it land properly. It did land and Patsy was the catcher.

Many of the smaller towns of Nebraska are staging shows. Norfolk, Tecumseh, Grand Island and Bridgeport ran bouts last month. Lincoln, next to Omaha in importance, has failed dismally as a boxing town and they have not attempted a show there since early in the Fall when the state fair was in session. Jimmy Delaney, St. Paul, and Jim Shirley, of Denver, topped the card. Lincoln should be able to support shows of class and it is hoped that the Cornhusker capital city will get under way with something worth while this Winter.

Midget Smith, New York bantamweight contender, accompanied by Harry Neary, his manager, and Jimmie Travers stopped at Council Bluffs enroute from the Pacific Coast to New York. The Midget has made quite an extensive tour this Summer, having boxed at Casper, Wyoming; New Orleans, Los Angeles, Tacoma and Oakland. Smith states that the four-round game is a bit short for him and by the time he gets warmed up to his work the fight is over. The New Yorker looked great at Casper this Summer when he easily disposed of Frankie Jummatti and won over Earl Puryear. At New Orleans he numbered Eddie Coulon and Young Barrerre as his victims and on the Coast had smooth sailing with the best of the Native Sons. Harry Neary, Smith's manager, has mapped out a busy Winter campaign for his charge against the class of the Eastern skeeters.

Bill Brennan was knocked out by Billy Miske in a fight in Omaha for the Douglas County Post, American Legion. Jake Isaacson, matchmaker for the Omaha ex-soldiers, is reaching out for some of the better attractions to give his patrons during the Winter months.

Lyle Smith, matchmaker for Rainbow Post No. 2, Council Bluffs American Legion, is having trouble locating a suitable spot to stage his shows throughout the Winter months. Smith used the Municipal Ball Park for a number of shows this Summer and had planned on using the City Auditorium during the indeer season. The authorities, however, ruled that no more boxing shows be held in the city buildings and he is at a loss to know where he can get suitable space for promoting bouts.

The Auditorium, which is centrally located, will seat 3,500 people easily and accommodate larger crowds, if necessary. Parking space on all sides make it an ideal place for handling the glove contests.

Otto Wallace, Milwaukee lightweight, who has been in the West during the Summer season, stopped at Council Bluffs enroute from the Dakotas to Milwaukee, for several days.

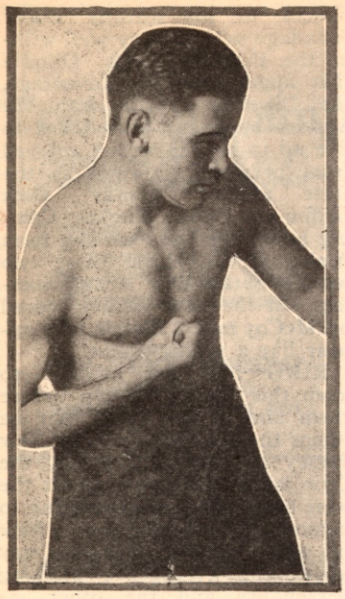
Otto, the veteran that is, will still give many of our present lightweights plenty of trouble. He has boxed them all, from the worst of the lot to the best, and is still boxing in good form. Wallace punches well with either hand and is a foxy ring general.

Of interest to the sporting fraternity in general is the fact that one of the veterans of the old guard is still active. Sandy Griswold, sports editor of the Omaha World Herald, may still be found at his desk in the Herald Building each day pounding out his copy. Griswold has seen them all from Sullivan to Dempsey and his opinions are law in the Middle West. Not only is fighting dope at Sandy's finger tips but other sports as well. Hunting, baseball, fishing, football and wrestling stories feature his sport section and are eagerly read by his followers. Griswold's opinions are not prejudicial one way or the other and are fair and square to right and wrong. It is a shame that the sport world cannot be blessed with a few more of Sandy's type.

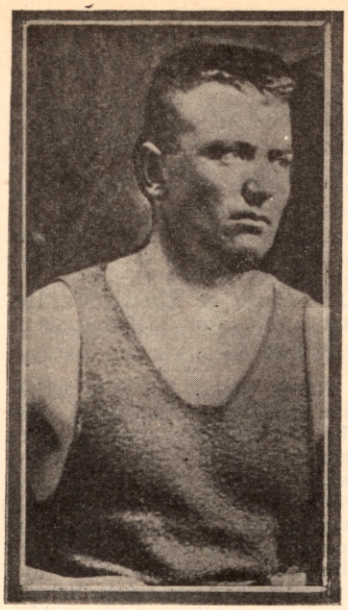
Denny Ryan, physical director of the Omaha Athletic Club, is giving his time and efforts to the developing of many amateur boxers in Nebraska who may eventually develop into the real thing. Ryan enjoys the work with the youngsters and is donating his services gratis. More Ryans would not hurt.

BOXING NOTES FROM THE SOUTHEAST
By DUKE BARRY

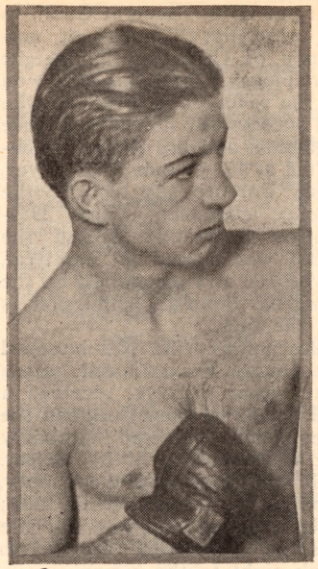
Lew Silver, popular Atlanta, Ga., featherweight, who through his out-of-town engagements has given the game the impetus it needs in different localities, not only through his boxing skill, but for his gentlemanly



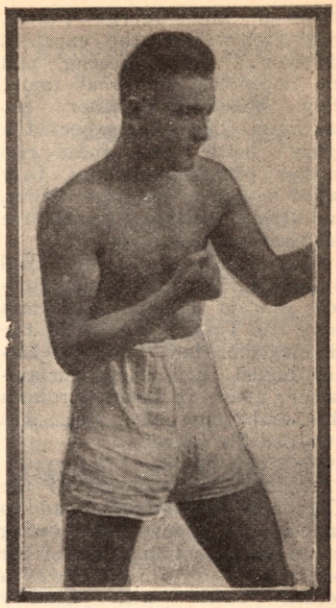
Rocky Smith, "the Battle Creek Assassin," who has great difficulty in securing any of the welterweights throughout the country to meet him



Elziar Rioux, the Canadian lumberjack, who gained considerable fame by working out with Jack Dempsey at Saratoga. He is now fighting in Canada



Billy Levine, of Coney Island, who fought a draw with Carl Tremaine in Chicago, a short time ago, and is rated highly among the leading bantams



Sam Mossberg, who captured the world's amateur lightweight championship at the last Olympic games, has returned from Australia, and is being kept busy by Jack Bulger

conduct, has won himself a world of praise throughout the South.

Recently Silver met and defeated Carlos Casala, the lightweight champion of Cuba, scoring a kayo in four frames at Tampa, Fla., and on the Sunday following the encounter, the Tampa (Fla.) Tribune came out with an editorial on the sport from which the following is quoted:

"The boxing game has become an established success in Tampa. . . . Friday night, when Silver defeated Casala, 3,500 people crowded the temporary arena. . . . The attention of the country is being drawn to Tampa as a boxing center. . . . Lew Silver, the Atlanta featherweight, who has defeated all rivals in the South, is rapidly becoming a national figure in pugilism and it will not be long before he competes for the world's championship with the present title holder. . . . It is the desire of the promoters . . . to have this championship battle staged in Tampa. . . . Such an event would be a wonderful drawing card for Tampa."

* * *

A determined effort to have a boxing tax and control commission created in Georgia will be made at an extraordinary session of the General Assembly next month, it was stated by those interested in the matter.

Representative Dykes, of Dooly County, is one of the leaders behind the movement to secure passage of the bill at this special session. The demand for the commission was renewed recently following the Striblng-McTigue fiasco at Columbus, Ga.

The proposed measure is drastic in the extreme, placing a ten per cent. tax on all athletic events, including college sports; therefore, in our opinion, it will never pass.

Ben Smith, veteran handler of boxers, who prepared Jack Dempsey for his Benton Harbor bout with Billy Miske, is in great demand all through the South. Ben conditioned Lew Silver for his win over Joe Fox, British champion, then trained Young Stribling for his bout with McTigue. Red Herring, the Birmingham, Ala., boxer, who is conceded to be the lightweight champion of the South, secured Smith to prepare him for his recent bout with Kayo Jaekle, which took place in Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

Larry Avera, junior welterweight of Atlanta, got off to a nice start at Tampa, Fla., during the past month, after being on the side lines for some time, and handed Young Wallace a neat lacing. Avera is considered one of the cleverest boxers the South has ever produced.

* * *

Fearless Ferns is another of the fistic idols of Atlanta, Ga., who has rounded into excellent form. The Fearless one is now ready to mingle with the best of the lightweights in this section.

* * *

Hugh G. Martin, of Columbus, Ga., is an ardent supporter of the game in this section. To make it more interesting to Hugh, he has gathered a classy stable of boxers who are performing creditably. One of these is Chief Otalvario, a full-blooded Indian, who is coming along nicely. Boots Antley, a south-paw, looks like a comer.

* * *

Jimmy Murphy has been deposed as the matchmaker of the 108th Cavalry, National Guard of Atlanta, Ga. Temporarily, at least, Duke Barry is looking after the matchmaking for the soldiers. It is understood that Barry will be offered a contract to handle the shows for the forthcoming year. Duke is a veteran at the game and is familiar with every angle connected with it.

* * *

Jimmy Finley, welterweight champion of the South, is one of the busiest battlers in the game in this section. Judging by the press dispatches of this youngster, he must be the owner of a private Pullman, for one day you read of Jimmy boxing in Texas and a day or so later you see where he has defeated some one in Florida. And Finley can fight just as fast as he can travel. "The Kentucky Wonder" is anxious to mingle with the best of 'em.

* * *

Duke Barry has been appointed the representative of a number of classy ringsters. Among those whom Barry is doing business for are Jimmy Finley, welterweight champion of Dixie; Red Herring, lightweight champion of the South; Larry Avera, Atlanta's cleverest boxer, junior welterweight; Fearless Ferns, another classy Atlanta lightweight; Battling Petrozie, the "Walloping Wop," champion welterweight of the Fourth Army Corps; "Irish Benny" Pledger, junior lightweight. Ben Smith is the physical director of the aggregation.

* * *

Red Herring, of Birmingham, Ala., came over to Atlanta during October and outfought and outsmarted the willing Kayo Jaekle of Toledo, O. Herring's wonderful showing brought him another engagement at the Auditorium for the 31st with Frankie Jones, the welterweight of California. Herring is certainly stepping at a fast pace, the best of his entire career.

* * *

The city of Atlanta, Ga., will assuredly have a local commission to govern the fight there. Mayor Simms intends to leave the selection of the commissioners to the sporting editors of three Atlanta papers. Let us trust that the commissioners selected will be men of character, who will be severe with those who do not live up to the rules that will be laid down.

Had Atlanta a commission before this, the game in that city would be on a par with other cities which are staging high-class attractions.

* * *

One must give Max Abelson, manager of Lew Silver, considerable credit for the way he has brought the featherweight contender along. Max's managerial ability was well earned when he was handling the business end for his famous brother, Jake Abels, former Southern champion.

* * *

All the clubs are getting ready for a busy winter season. Reports are coming in from a number of Southern cities that are after good boys to perform for them. The game here is booming all this section and a banner winter season should result.

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

Joey Fox and Curly Wilshur, headlined the International Club's card, Oct. 12, at the Mutual Street Arena. The battle was not what was expected of these boys and after struggling through ten rounds the local boy was given the decision. It's a funny thing, but any time Curly heads a card here in Toronto, he rarely draws a big house; he is a good, clean, clever little boxer, but somehow or other the fans are not enthused over his style of milling. Probably when he develops a "kick" he will have a better following. The semi-windup brought together Chris Newton quoted by one scribe as the "square chinned" Toronto

Irishman, and George Fifield, local lightweight, the expected "fireworks" were missing, and the bout was somewhat tame; they boxed altogether too cautious. The fans expected a "gory" battle from these two leather pushers; anyway, they failed to live up to expectations, and after 8 "sessions" the referee declared a draw.

Alex Burley the smart local flyweight outpointed Jackie Russell, one of Hughie Shannon's boys, and Tommy McDonald, the Hamilton bantam, and Phil Lisner boxed their usual curtain-raiser; after six slashing rounds the ambitious city boy was awarded the decision.

Frankie Bull, kingpin of the Canadian lightweights, had to cancel quite a few bouts, owing to an ear infection. One of the offers he had to refuse was a return battle with Chubby Brown, in Rochester. Frankie recently gave Chubby a severe beating in Syracuse, where he had the fans "sitting on the edge of their chairs" and "poppy-eyed," with his sensational style of milling, and while the smoke of the battle was clearing, Chubby was reeling like a "drunken sailor," practically out on his feet.

Bull and his stable mate, a great little bantam, Donnie (Young) Mack, are great favorites in New York State, and offers are being received from Buffalo, Rochester, Albany and other boxing centers. They are both red hot favorites with the "cash customers" wherever they appear, as when they step in the "hempen square" the fans are always assured of plenty of action.

After his battle with Bobby "Bad News" Eber, Donnie Mack took a well-earned rest. When he comes back from his vacation he will be ready for the best. Bobby Eber has been offered a return battle with him, but Robert politely turned it down; probably the Canadian bantam champion, who recently defeated Midget Smith and Irish Johnny Curtin, thinks that Mack carries too much "weight" in his right hand to take a chance with him again. A couple of times during their last bout Eber's eyes wore a glassy appearance. Taking it all in all, it was a fierce battle, and when these two meet again they probably will draw not less than $10,000.

Patsy (Vic) Adams, a Toronto boy who has been battling with much success on the Coast, came back to town a few days ago, and is already matched up to fight good opponents in the border cities. Adams appears to be a roaring, tearing fighter who likes to go in and fight all the way.

At present there is a controversy going on in certain parts of Canada as to who is the Canadian lightweight champion, Frankie Bull or Clonie Tait. The "dope" sheet undoubtedly points to the former, as in 1920 a belt was put up by General Gunn, to be called the "Gunn" belt, emblemic of Canadian lightweight championship, and this was won by the redoubtable Frankie, who has successfully defended it since that date, and has yet to be defeated at 135 pounds. The clever, classy Toronto boy took on the Quebec champion, Oscar Deschamps September 8 and the battle was staged in Montreal, advertised and recognized by the Montreal Boxing Commission as for the title.

Deschamps, who had knocked out Jimmy Fruzetti and beaten other good fighters, received a bad drubbing from Bull, and the Frenchman received probably the worst licking of his career. Bull was acclaimed the winner, winning by the proverbial mile; since then no one has had the courage to question the Ontario boy's right to the crown.

There is a person who has been "masquerading" as the Canadian champ in the States by the name of Sid Marks. How this "gee" came to win the championship is a mystery; I suppose he won a rough and tumble with some one out in the back-woods and then jumped into the States as Canadian champion. The same fellow has been getting knocked out and beaten with "clock-work" regularity, yet he still calls himself "champion." No, Mr. Sid Marks, whoever you are, don't kid yourself any longer; you are not even a contender for the championship, let alone claiming it.

Just before these notes are sent in the latest information regarding the "self-styled champion" is that at Vancouver, October 19, Young Carmen, after "dusting the resin" with Marks for 4 rounds, "smacked" him on the chin in the fifth, and poor Sid again took his "lullaby." Your Christian name is alright Sidney, but perhaps you would have a little better luck if you changed it, as like your name sake in "German currency" the Marks continue to fall.

Frankie Bull has forwarded his belt to Rochester for display, to prove his claim to the Canadian title. Frank fights Charlie O'Connell, the hard hitting Cleveland lightweight, on Saturday, November 3; a record house is expected. Patsy Adams boxes Bushy Graham in Syracuse November 2; this will be Adams' first fight since returning from the Coast. His supporters are looking for another win on his already long list.

Donnie (Young) Mack, since his sensational draw with Bobby Eber, has been offered a number of bouts by outside promoters, including one with Kid Williams, former bantam champion, another with Pancho Villa, while Toronto promoters are endeavoring to get Joe Lynch's signature on the dotted line. Lynch & Mack would be a great battle and a record crowd can be expected, if they meet.

FISTIC GOSSIP FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH

By MAL McGILVERY

The action of William E. Hammond, better known in boxing circles as "Captain Bob Roper," in sending broadcast enlarged postal cards holding up to ridicule the promoter, referee, his opponent Joe Lohman, Toledo, and in fact, every one, following his defeat at the hands of the Ohio boxer at Shreveport, La., last month, cannot help but act as a boomerang.

Roper looked to this writer like a winner immediately after the starting gong, and fans were prepared for a short-lived battle, with Lohman taking the full count before many rounds. After having been floored for a four seconds count, Lohman tore into the much heavier fellow and from the body attack which he plied incessantly and from which the ex-Army man could not apparently get away from, Lohman won hands down. Sporting writers were agreed that Lohman won "hands down," but this did not appear to suit Roper, who, in swarming Shreveport and near points with the hurriedly printed postals made the fans bitter against him and spoiled his chances for all time in showing to Southern fandom.

Covering himself with glory (and his opponent with gore) Johnny McCoy, the Cleveland, O., bantamweight, so severely pummelled Claude Wilson, Birmingham, Ala. (champion of the South), at Shreveport, La., October 26, that the Skeeter has become the overnight rage in the Sunny Southland.

At no stage of the 15 rounds decision bout did Wilson have a look-in, McCoy starting the claret flowing in the first round and keeping the tap fully turned on each succeeding stanza thereafter. There may have been some things Mac did not do to the Alabama champion, but the fans were unaware of 'em. Battling at a hurricane pace from the first bell until the final gong sounded, the little fellows kept the spectators on the edge of their seats every second of the going and in the opinion of "the oldest inhabitant" a faster fight was never waged south of the well-known M. and D. line.

Wilson, who had established himself a raging favorite in the various centers throughout New Jersey, will have a hard row to hoe in the immediate future, as McCoy threatens to invade Claude's stronghold and get into the big money division.

Although the principals were signed to Louisiana State contracts to be not over the 120 pounds mark six hours before ring time, Wilson was away over weight, the Fairbanks showing him to be 122½ as against McCoy's 116½. When the fellows again scaled for the commissioners, Wilson had added eight ounces to his already heavy poundage with McCoy well within the limit at 117½. Despite this apparently big advantage, the "Skeeter" toyed with the heavier opponent, who failed to live up to his reputation enjoyed from previous showings in the state against "Dandy" Dick Griffin and Bobby Hughes. Coming unheralded and unsung from Alabama, Wilson, in these two battles obtained a strong footing, but the easy victory scored by McCoy makes Claude now appear like a selling plater.

RING fans are advised to keep this McCoy person before them and in the event that he jumps the old choo-choo for New Jersey and wayside points, the Ohio laddie will sure surprise the wise birds. He has everything to commend him to the fan; a kick in either glove, science 'way above the average, a pleasing personality and the other ingredients that combine to make him a sure-fire principal in the world of the padded glove.

Joe Dugan, the New Orleans heavyweight who crashed into the limelight through his kayo defeat of poor old Jack Dillon, went into the discard when he tied on the gloves against Bob Roper at Alexandria, La., October 22. Dugan was badly advised about signing on the dotted line against the former army captain, who, although now past the best days of his fistic career, is yet good enough to put the old skids under the youngsters. Money, while a mighty useful commodity, should not always be teh God to be worshipped.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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MONTREAL NOTES
By MAXIE LEWIS

One of the best bouts of the year was arranged by Tommy Conway of the International S. C., when he matched Jack Renault, former Montreal policeman, and Soldier Horace Jones, of Toronto, for the Heavyweight Championship of Canada, to be fought at the Mount Royal Arena on October 8. Mr. Conway, for reasons best known to himself, sold the show to Mr. Alex Moore, of the Olympic A. C., and the Canadian heavyweight championship was fought for at the St. Denis Theatre on October 10. In justice to Jones, whether he was lucky to be in there at the finish or not, the fact remains that he WAS there, very much so, for not only did he take everything Renault sent his way, but fought back at all times. Anyway, Jones put up one grand exhibition of gameness, and the fact that he stayed ten rounds with the newest sensation in the heavyweight division, stamps him as a fighter who should make other heavies sit up and take notice, for not only is Renault a top-notcher, but he has knocked out his eleven previous opponents, including, Fred Fulton, Geo. Godfrey, Tony Herman, Joe Lohman and Joe Downey.

The semi-final between Lou Kid Lewis and Kid Henry was a sizzler for the entire ten rounds. Lewis was awarded the decision on his superior boxing, but there were many who thought that a draw would not have mattered. The opening ten-rounder between Ralph McNaughton, the great little bantam from Quebec, and Tony Carney, of New Bedford, Mass., was a hummer. To say that the little New Englander is game is putting it rather mild, for he took as much as any two boys his weight can take, but was still fighting back at the finish.

Benny Cohen, matchmaker of the Arena A. C., started something when he matched Elzier Rioux, local French-Canadian heavy, to meet Archie Skinner, Jimmy McKimmie's Scotch heavyweight on October 19 at the Mount Royal Arena. No decision was given, Mayor Mederic Martin ordering the referee to stop the fight (slaughter is a better word) in the 6th round. Both fighters presented a gory sight and the referee, Geo. Rivet, looked like a butcher, with his white ducks and shirt spattered with blood from a bad cut on Rioux's forehead and over his left eyebrow.

Skinner, who was floored seven times, was the stronger as the fight progressed and in the 6th round, before the fight was stopped, had Rioux down for the count of nine and was punishing the latter so severely as to make the mayor intervene. A return bout between this pair should produce a capacity house for any club.

Although Joe Burns, the Griffin-Town lightweight, and Kid Henry were billed as the main bout it did not rival the Skinner-Rioux semi-final in interest. Both boys put up a great fight, but Burns, the boxer, caught the judges' eyes and was awarded the decision. Eddie Boyle, Boston welterweight, knocked out Pete Campbell, of Scotland, in the first round of a six-round preliminary, while Pat McAdam, of Scotland, won from Bert Noonan of Halifax in the opening six-rounder.

A match that took months to materialize was finally decided when Joe Stanley, of Philadelphia, 125½ pounds, and Leo "Kid" Roy, 126, local French-Canadian idol, met at the St. Denis Theatre on Oct. 31st. Roy won by about ten city blocks to say the least. Up to the sixth round there was little to choose between the two, with perhaps a shade to Roy on his aggressiveness and cleaner punching, but towards the end of the sixth round, as the referee, George Lavigne, the "Saginaw Kid," broke the boys from a clinch, Roy nailed Stanley with a pipe of a left hook, which spelled curtains for Stanley as he went down prone on his back.

Pandemonium broke loose while the referee proceeded to count Stanley out. Before Lavigne finished counting, however, Dave "Beans" Breen, along with Harry Cohen, Stanley's seconds, climbed through the ropes into the ring, and began dragging the prostrate form of Stanley back to his corner. Everybody thought "Beans" and Harry were doing this in token of defeat, to save their charge the humiliation of being counted out, but such was not the case, for Stanley was fortunate in having wide-awake seconds, who heard the timekeeper's bell sound above the din of the excited and half-crazed with joy fans.

During the minute's interval, they worked frantically to revive their man and send him in for the next round. Although a little unsteady on his feet, Stanley managed to weather the seventh round, but in the eighth Roy again crashed through another of his famous left hooks which sent Stanley down again for a count of eight. Stanley stayed the limit through being the possessor of a courageous fighting heart.

The semi-final was a monotonous affair between Sammy Marco and Ted Cossette with the former winning the decision. The first ten-rounder between Mickey Delmont, of Newark, N. J., and Ralph McNaughton, of Quebec, bantamweights, was easily the best bout of the evening. Every round was crammed full of action and had the fans up on their seats on numerous occasions. One of these was when Mickey landed one of his wild swings behind the Quebec lad's left ear, McNaughton went down for a count of nine, but on arising, handed the Skeeter a bad pasting for the end of the round and winning it by a comfortable margin. After that, Delmont was on the receiving end of a terrible onslaught, being staggered time and again by the Quebecer's left and right uppercuts. Both judges decided in favor of McNaughton, who is coming along at a fast clip and should soon be in a position to fight main bouts with some of the top-notch bantams. Frankie Hebert of Lowell, Mass., 105½-pound protege of Kid Roy, knocked out Jimmy Butts, local amateur who was making his pro debut. Butts weighed 104 pounds.

Johnnie Rogers, formerly of Boston, but now of Quebec, is managing the affairs of "Kid" Mitchell.

Results of Boxing Bouts

SEPTEMBER

21—Birmingham, Ala.:
Jimmy Finley knocked out Harry Varter, three rounds.

26—St. Augustine, Fla.:
Jimmy Finley beat Tony Wallace, ten rounds.

26—Palm Beach, Fla.:
Jack Middleton knocked out Joe Burman, two rounds.

OCTOBER

1—Miami, Fla.:
Capt. Bob Roper knocked out Jack Middleton, four rounds.

1—Louisville, Ky.:
Lew Silery beat Joe Ritchoe, twelve rounds.

4—Columbus, Ga.:
Kid Subby beat Jack Dempsey Denham, eight rounds.
Willie Phiffner forfeited to Jimmy Finley, eight rounds.

2—Jacksonville, Fla.:
Young Ketchell defeated Johnny Harris, ten rounds.

9—Louisville, Ky.:
Frankie Jones and Harry Fay, ten-round draw.
Jackie Dugan beat Billy Long, ten rounds.
Soldier Buck knocked out Pinkie Crosby, eight rounds.
Charley Langford beat Lou Palmer, six rounds.

9—San Francisco, Calif.:
Mike Doyel beat Pete Daley, four rounds.
Frankie Thomas and Ray Long, four-round draw.
Jack McPartland beat Billy Springfield, four rounds.
Benny Berric knocked out Bobby O'Neill, one round.
Young Nationalista beat Harry Wallace, four rounds.
Willie O'Keffe knocked out Teddy Burnett, two rounds.
Johnny Lamar beat Joe Denico, four rounds.

9—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Ruby Setin and Harry Sutton, ten round draw.
Kid Rash beat Willie Clarkson, ten rounds.
Joe Eppy beat Edwin Riley, ten rounds.

9—Albany, N. Y.:
Brooklyn Joe Baker beat Syracuse Joe Baker, ten rounds.
Frankie Barick beat Joe Sobie, ten rounds.
Young Rogers beat Jack Guida, ten rounds.

9—Boston, Mass.:
Ray Mitchell beat Jimmy Fruzzetti, ten rounds.

9—Worcester, Mass.:
Johnny Drew beat Red Chapman, ten rounds.

10—Montreal, Canada:
Jack Renault beat Soldier Jones, ten rounds.

10—Pueblo, Colo.:
Harry Bramer knocked out Bud Hamilton, nine rounds.

11—Louisville, Ky.:
Dan Long won on a foul from Jack Doyle, sixth round.

11—Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City:
Harry Wills knocked out Homer Smith, two rounds.
Silent Puryear beat Joe White, ten rounds.
Joe Pearlstein and Pat Walsh, ten round draw.

11—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Sammy Seiger beat Tony Palmer, ten rounds.
Dutch Bradt beat Ruby Stein, ten rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld beat Charley Izzo, six rounds.

11—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers:
Red Cap Wilson knocked out Willie McNulty, two rounds.
Paul Fargo knocked out Sid Bernard, two rounds.
Walter Young Eddy and Artie Pierce, six round draw.

11—Milwaukee:
Pinkie Mitchell beat Joe Simonivh, ten rounds.

11—Boston, Mass.:
Tommy Loughren beat Harry Greb, ten rounds.

11—Hudson Sporting Club, West New York, N. J.:
Tommy Fay beat Skelly Lewis, two rounds.

11—Meridan, Conn.:
Tracy Ferguson beat Young Leonard, twelve rounds.

12—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Jack Bernstein beat Rocky Kansas, fifteen rounds.
Mickey Brown and Willie Davis, twelve-round draw.
George Vanderbilt and Buck Josephs, six-round draw.
Floyd Hybert knocked out Nemo Favor, third round.

12—Baltimore, Md.:
Pancho Villa beat Benny Schwartz, fifteen rounds.
Pete Sarmiento knocked out Dave Rogers, two rounds.

12—Hamilton A. A., Passaic, N. J.:
Claude Wilson beat Larry Goldberg, twelve rounds.
Frankie Fasano beat Vincent Salvatore, twelve rounds.

12—Toronto, Canada:
Curley Wilshur beat Joey Fox, ten rounds.

13—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Ansel Bell and Jimmy Mendo, twelve-round draw.
Willie Pfieffer beat Bobby Michaels, ten rounds.
Joe LeBate and Willie Singer, ten-round draw.
Al Brown knocked out Bernie Hyams, third round.
Marty O'Hara beat Bobby Evans, four rounds.

13—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Eddie Martin beat Tommy Lynch, six rounds.
Johnny Hamm beat Al Leibowitz, six rounds.
Johnny Vestri beat Ray Lucas, six rounds.
Sammy Markowitz beat Young Chaney, six rounds.
Pete Scarano beat Tommy Duffy, six rounds.
George Fitzsimmons and Maxie Marvanick, four-round draw.

13—Hollywood, Calif.:
Johnny Jordan and Young Brown, four-round draw.
Jimmy Hackley and Frankie Dean, four-round draw.
Johnny Spahr won on a foul from Bert Meyer, one round.
Bud Foresster knocked out Young McLaren, three rounds.
Jack Doyle beat Tony Montaye, four rounds.
Jimmy Fitten beat Jock Spenser, four rounds.
Johnny Reno beat Freddie Ellis, four rounds.

13—Vancouver, B. C.:
Joe Gorman knocked out Stanley McBride, first round.

15—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Abe Goldstein knocked out Johnny Naselli, two rounds.
Sammy Vogel beat Gene Delmont, twelve rounds.

15—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Mickey Travers beat Tommy Noble, twelve rounds.
Happy Mahoney beat Charley Papas, twelve rounds.

15—Detroit, Mich.:
Young Stribling beat Tommy Burns, ten rounds.

15—Trenton, N. J.:
Ray Pryel beat Tim Droney, twelve rounds.

15—Lynn, Mass.:
Young Tansey beat Barney Adair, ten rounds.

15—Portland, Ore.:
Lew Paluso beat Joe Mendall, ten rounds.

15—Manchester, N. H.:
Billy Woods knocked out Frankie Turcotte, three rounds.

16—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Irish Johnny Curtin knocked out Pete Zivic, four rounds.
Willie O'Connell beat Nick Quagarelli, six rounds.
Joe Werner beat Red Devito, six rounds.
Johnny Kochansky beat Harry Felix, six rounds.
Johnny Breslin beat Jimmy Balcento, four rounds.

16—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Joe Glick beat Emil Morro, twelve rounds.
Bobby O'Neill beat Eddie Clifford, ten rounds.

16—Albany, N. Y.:
Sammy Nable beat Danny Edwards, twelve rounds.

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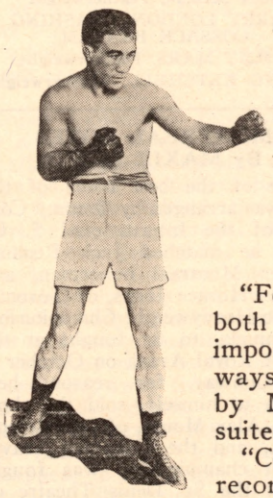

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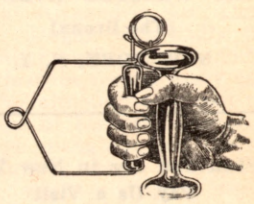

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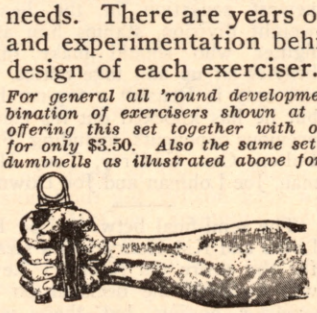

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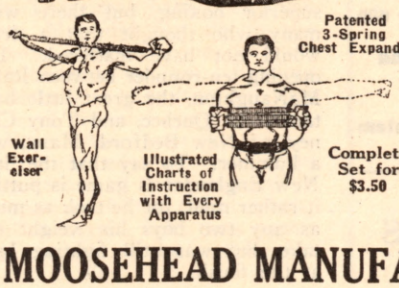

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16—Easton, Pa.:
Willie Shaw beat Whitey Fitzgerald, ten rounds.
Paddy Ryan beat Joe Marks, ten rounds.

16—South Norwalk, Conn.:
Jack Hausner won on a foul from Bobby Garcia, eleven rounds.

16—Boston, Mass.:
Pal Reed beat Joe Eagan, ten rounds.
Spencer Gardner beat Abe Friedman, ten rounds.
Willie Garswell beat Charley Parker, ten rounds.

16—Shreveport, La.:
Joe Lohman beat Capt. Bob Roper, fifteen rounds.

16—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Jimmy Delaney beat Willie Meehan, four rounds.
Johnny O'Donnell beat Al Grunana, four rounds.

16—Fresno, Calif.:
Young Corbett beat Frankie Vierra, four rounds.

16—Chicago, Ill.:
Ernie Goozeman beat Frankie Schaeffer, ten rounds.

17—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Cubby Brown, ten rounds.

17—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Roy Wallace knocked out Tommy McFarlan, first round.
Ray Hahn beat Joe Cooper, six rounds.
Happy Atherton beat Jimmy Gordon, eight roumds.
Merle Alte knocked out Bobby McGovern, five rounds.

18—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Buck Josephs and Wilbur Cohen, twelve-round draw.

Johnny Russell and Vincent Salvatore, twelve-round draw.
Tony Palmer beat Joey Baker, ten rounds.

18—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Zink and Jacke Mace, ten-round draw.
Billy Wells knocked out Fred Condon, two rounds.
Joe Minni and Mickey Black, eight-round draw.

18—Hamilton A. A., Paterson, N. J.:
Willie Darcy beat Teddy Smacka, twelve rounds.
Petey Mack beat Charley Kohler, twelve rounds.

18—West New York, N. J.:
Yussel Pearlstein beat Joe Borrell, twelve rounds.

18—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Willie Dillion beat Emil Morro, ten rounds.
Joe Scogni beat Johnny Murphy, ten rounds.

18—New Bedford, Mass.:
Chick Suggs beat Charley Manty, ten rounds.

18—Lowell, Mass.:
Newport Johnny Brown beat Al Shubert, ten rounds.

18—Hartford, Conn.:
Jimmy Cooney knocked out Red Watson, five rounds.
Harry Martone knocked out Young Marcel, six rounds.
Willie Shugrue beat Freddy Parker, ten rounds.

18—Macon, Ga.:
Young Stribling knocked out Steve Choynski, five rounds.

18—San Francisco, Calif.:
Ted Snyder knocked out Tommy Hardner, second round.
Henry Faligano beat Joe Geller, four rounds.
Joe Roach knocked out Soldier Termer, four rounds.
Johnny Tillman beat Sailor Augustine, four rounds.
Jack Flynn beat Sailor Marcot, four rounds.
Sailor Taguia beat Marine Huggins, four rounds.
Sailor Skie and Jack Downs, four-round draw.
Sailor Ciriacco beat Jimmy Rose, four rounds.

19—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Abe Goldstein beat Joe Burman, twelve rounds.
Bud Taylor beat Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, twelve rounds.
Joe Ryder and Pete Sarmeinto, six-round draw.
Nat Pincus beat Little Jeff, four rounds.

19—Boston, Mass.:
Johnny Wilson beat George Robinson, twelve rounds.

19—New Orleans, La.:
Kid Carlin beat Al Pettingill, ten rounds.

19—San Pedro, Calif.:
Frankie Monroe beat Joe Kid Leopold, four rounds.

20—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Frankie Jerome beat Battling Leonard, twelve rounds.
Jack Tilyou beat Otto Johnson, twelve rounds.
Ivan Hawes beat Clem Lancy, six rounds.
Herman Singer beat Jackie Gordon, four rounds.

20—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Mickey Taylor and Wee Jimmy Collins, eight-round draw.
Joe Wright and Al Traino, eight-round draw.
Buddy Wallace beat Ralph Espesito, eight rounds.
Harry Nelson knocked out Pete White, five rounds.
Red McGee won on a foul from Terry Young, three rounds.

20—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Sammy Bienfeld and Al Felder, six-round draw.
Jack Snyder beat Frankie Curley, six rounds.

20—Everett, Wash.:
Young Dudley beat Jimmy Cottrell, six rounds.

20—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bobby Dyson and Dandy Dick Griffin, four-round draw.

20—Vancouver, B. C.:
Young Carmen knocked out Sid Marks, second round.

20—St. Paul, Minn.:
Jimmy Jones knocked out Tillie Herman, one round.

20—San Francisco, Calif.:
Mike Doyle and Sailor Ashmore, four-round draw.
Benny Berres beat Jack McPartland, four rounds.
Billy Springfield beat Sailor McNulty, four rounds.
Sunny Goodrich and Danny Needham, four-round draw.
Young Nationalista beat Sammy Lee, four rounds.
Eddie Hayes beat Martin O'Shea, four rounds.
Jimmy Duffy beat Sailor Brogan, four rounds.

22—First Regiment Armory, Newark, N. J.:
Lou Gogash beat Harry Greb, twelve rounds.
Harry Martone beat Ritz Walters, eight rounds.
Lew Chester beat Sailor Roy Benson, eight rounds.
Jimmy Palucca and Battling Peach, eight-round draw.

22—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Carl Duane beat Mickey Brown, twelve rounds.
Frankie Ritchie beat Lewis Petrozelli, twelve rounds.

22—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Eddie Martin knocked out Billy Ryckoff, five rounds.
Joey Silvers and Joe Glick, six-round draw.
Johnny Vestri beat Joe Abruzzi, six rounds.
Patsy Bodice knocked out Arthur Erickson, four rounds.
Ernie McCarron knocked out Toby Daley, third round.
Jimmy Irace knocked out Johnny Englazes, three rounds.

22—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Pancho Villa beat Jabez White, eight rounds.
Cuddy DeMarco knocked out Pedro Campo, six rounds.
Alex Hart beat Joe Reno, eight rounds.
Pete Sarmiento beat Benny Bass, eight rounds.
Young Chaney beat Sam Schiff, eight rounds.

22—Rochester, N. Y.:
Panama Joe Gans knocked out Whitey Black, eight rounds.

22—Trenton, N. J.:
Lew Paluso beat Artie McCann, ten rounds.
Emil Paluso knocked out Jackie Saunders, two rounds.

22—Nashua, N. H.:
Young Tansey and Porkey Diggins, ten-round draw.
Louis Hamlin knocked out Bobby Jones, third round.

22—Portsmouth, N. H.:
Joe St. Hilaire knocked out K. O. Leach, six rounds.

22—Alexandria, La.:
Capt. Bob Roper knocked out Joe Dugan, five rounds.

22—Dayton, Ohio:
Jimmy Gaffney and Buddie Hill, eight-round draw.

23—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Benny Valger won on a foul from Billy Defoe, nine rounds.
Sid Terris beat Johnny Coney, ten rounds.

23—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Sandy Taylor and Wildman Gould, eight-round draw.
Eddie Riley and Billy Brown, eight-round draw.
Harry Brandon and Sammy Butts, eight-round draw.

23—Knickerbocker A. C., Albany, N. Y.:
Jimmy Butch O'Hagan beat Johnny Klesch, twelve rounds.
Young Marino beat Georgie Muigna, ten rounds.

23—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Billy Mahoney knocked out Johnny Dugan, five rounds.

23—Detroit, Mich.:
Bob Fitzsimmons beat Jack Burke, twelve rounds.

23—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Vincent Pepper Martin knocked out Frankie McCann, one round.
Terry Martin beat Eddie Macey, four rounds.
Bobby Dyson knocked out Harry Wallace, two rounds.

24—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Willie Davis beat Willie Daney, six rounds.
Johnny Gorney beat Joe White, six rounds.
Vic Brog beat Willie Fentour, six rounds.
George Doherty beat Billy Wiley, six rounds.
Joe Scapatone knocked out Benny Herth, three rounds.

24—Baltimore, Md.:
Charley Holdman won on a foul from Kid Williams, eight rounds.

25—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Young Montreal lost on a foul to Larry Goldberg, one round.
Pete August beat Johnny Downs, twelve rounds.

25—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Willie Galligan beat Willie Clarkson, eight rounds.
Bobby Risdon beat Joe Melito, eight rounds.
Jack Cronin and Young Peppy, eight-round draw.
Eddie Clifford knocked out Johnny Burke, four rounds.

25—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Irish Fagen beat Charley Murray, ten rounds.
George Vanderbilt beat Kid Rash, ten rounds.

25—Youngstown, Ohio:
Jack Palmer beat Warnie Smith, twelve rounds.

26—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Dave Shade beat Billy Wells, fifteen rounds.
Sammy Mandell beat Harry Kid Brown, twelve rounds.
Louis Vincentino knocked out Barney Keeley, third round.
Johnny Hamm knocked out Bernie Bedou, second round.
Jimmy Hutchison beat Jackie Harris, six rounds.

26—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Cubby Brown beat Phil Logan, twelve rounds.

26—New Haven, Conn.:
Al Shubert and Mickey Travers, twelve rounds.

27—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Eddie Burnbrook beat Paul Doyle, twelve rounds.
Joe Celmars knocked out Rocky Scott, second round.
Emil Paluso beat Ivan Hawes, six rounds.
Ray Schara knocked out Andy Alterman, three rounds.

27—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Buck Josephs beat Nat Pincus, six rounds.
Johnny Vestri and Willie Mack, six-round draw.
Tony Palmer knocked out Adolph Anderson, five rounds.
Ernie McCarron knocked out Frankie Thompson, one round.
Joey Silvers and Jack Adnit, six-round draw.
Sid Rabin beat Otto Goldberg, four rounds.

27—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Morris Meola knocked out Jimmy Smith, second round.
Jimmy Tomasula and Joe Minni, eight-round draw.
Lee Wedo beat Billy Brown, ten rounds.

27—Minneapolis, Minn.:
Tiny Jim Herman knocked out Clem Johnson, eight rounds.

25—Toronto, Canada:
Jack Green knocked out Jack Beef Morpeth, four rounds.

26—Vancouver, B. C.:
Vic Foley knocked out Charley Moy, fourth round.
Jim Tracy beat Fred Welch, four rounds.

26—Los Angeles, Calif.:
K. O. Roberts knocked out Sailor Listen, third round.
Jimmie Marcus beat Charley Hendricks, four rounds.
Midnight Edmundson beat Racehorse Roberts, four rounds.

26—Pheonix, Ariz.:
Billy McCann and Billy Alger, ten-round draw.

27—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Eddie Burnbrook beat Paul Doyle, twelve rounds.
Joe Celmars knocked out Rocky Scott, two rounds.

27—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Buck Josephs beat Nat Pincus, six rounds.
Johnny Vestri and Willie Mack, six-round draw.
Tony Palmer knocked out Adolph Anderons, five rounds.
Ernie McCarron knocked out Frankie Thompson, first round.
Joey Silvers beat Jack Adnit, six rounds.
Sid Rabin beat Otto Goldberg, four rounds.

27—Minneapolis, Minn.:
Tiny Jim Herman knocked out Clem Johnson, eight rounds.

29—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Henny Catena beat Corporal Schwartz, fifteen rounds.
Joe Lewis beat Frank Yarchan, ten rounds.

29—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn:
Harry Galfund beat Barney Adair, twelve rounds.
Herb Brodie knocked out Johnny Donnelly, seventh round.

29—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Ray Mitchell knocked out Jack Darcy, five rounds.

Oct. 29—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Wilbur Cohen beat Spark Plug Russell, eight rounds.

Oct. 29—Trenton, N. J.:
Danny Cooney beat Georgie Werner, ten rounds.
Kid Harvey beat Patsy Johnson, eight rounds.

29—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Slattery knocked out Johnny Vascher, two rounds.

29—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Willie Shaw beat Joe Hardy, ten rounds.
Jackie McCoy beat Freddy Thompson, eight rounds.

29—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Young Montreal beat Young Luby, twelve rounds.
Steve Smith and Willie Angelo, eight-round draw.

29—Nashua, N. H.:
Jack McClellan beat Eddie Record, ten rounds.

29—East Chicago, Ill.:
Morrie Schalaifer knocked out Patsy Rocco, five rounds.

29—Detroit, Mich.:
Alex Hart beat Jack Zalice, ten rounds.

29—Lancaster, Pa.:
Ralph Repman beat Rocky Scott, twelve rounds.

29—Portland, Ore.:
Frank Farher beat Nig Yeager, ten rounds.

30—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Charley Rosenberg beat Danny Edwards, ten rounds.
Georgie Marks beat Willie Darcy, ten rounds.
Vincent Salvatore beat Sammy Bienfeld, ten rounds.

30—47th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Petey Hayes beat Carl Moore, eight rounds.
Harry Sutton beat Roger Wagner, eight rounds.
Joe Eppy beat Danny Lyons, eight rounds.
Bobby O'Neill beat Ralph Esposito, eight rounds.

30—Albany, N. Y.:
Vic McLaughlin beat Charley Arthurs, ten rounds.
Joe LeBate beat Syracuse Joe Baker, ten rounds.
Joe Scobie and Harry Nelson, ten-round draw.

30—Reading, Pa.:
Johnny Leonard beat Willie Fitzgerald, ten rounds.

30—Boston, Mass.:
Al Sears beat Jack Dillion, ten rounds.

30—Portland, Me.:
Tim Droney and Willie Harmon, twelve-round draw.

30—St. Louis, Mo.:
Irish Johnny Curtin beat Patsy Flanagan, ten rounds.

30—Richmond, Va.:
Roy Taylor and Young Bobbie, six-round draw.
Al Holman knocked out Battling Kelley, third round.
Dizzy Stahles beat Kid Baulis, four rounds.

31—Mariesville, R. I.:
Spencer Gardnes beat Young Montreal, twelve rounds.
Young Donahue and Hughie Kennedy, eight-round draw.

31—Stamford, Conn.:
Jack Bloom beat Joe White, twelve rounds.

31—Atlanta, Ga.:
Red Herrings beat Frankie Jones, ten rounds.
Fearless Ferns knocked out Eddie Briney, four rounds.
Walloping Wop and Jackie Carr, eight-round draw.
Chief Otalvaro and Irish Johnny Pledger, four-round draw.

NOVEMBER

1—Colorado Springs, Colo.:
Don "Terror" Long knocked out Joe Kelly, four rounds.

1—San Pedro, Calif.:
Frankie Grandetta beat Benny Marks, four rounds.

1—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Eddie Martin beat Johnny Vestri, six rounds.
Joey Silvers beat Harry Felix, six rounds.

Jack Snyder beat George Fitzsimmons, six rounds.
Sammy Markowitz beat Pete Scarano, six rounds.
Jimmy Miller knocked out Georgie Buckley, five rounds.
Jimmy Ryder beat Johnny Willetts, four rounds.

1—102nd Medicial Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy Chip beat Tommy McAleer, twelve rounds.
Willie Galligan beat Willie Clarkson, ten rounds.

1—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Sid Burt beat Jack Drevelsky, four rounds.
Benny Lynn beat Billy Evans, four rounds.
Herman Singer beat Patsy Mooney, four rounds.
Eddie Clifford beat Spiniai Rohen, four rounds.
Victor Earrone beat Charley Lease, four rounds.
Danny Mace knocked out Dan Leider, three rounds.
Maxey Rosenblum knocked out Jack Rivers, three rounds.

1—Laurel Garden, Newark, N. J.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Benny Cohen, twelve rounds.
Pete Marks knocked out Frankie Marks, third round.
Billy Vidabeck knocked out Bert Smithers, seven rounds.

1—Hamilton A. A., Passaic, N. J.:
Frankie Fasano and Larry Goldberg, twelve-round draw.
Willie Darcy beat Mickey Walters, ten rounds.

1—Baltimore, Md.:
Joe Dundee beat Ever Hammer, twelve rounds.

1—Camp Eustis, Va.:
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out Jack Berry, four rounds.

2—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Jack Renault knocked out Floyd Johnson, fifteen rounds.
George Godfrey knocked out Billy Tate, seventh rounds.
Billy Shade beat Jack Burke, eight rounds.
Eddie Kelley beat Dan Bright, eight rounds.

2—Boston, Mass.:
Georgie Ward beat Eddie Shevlin, ten rounds.
Willie Singer knocked out Joe Broderick, two rounds.

2—Toronto, Canada:
Benny Gould beat Curley Wilshur, ten rounds.

2—Fall River, Mass.:
Chuck Suggs beat Joey Sangor, twelve rounds.
Toney Carney beat Joe Grimm, eight rounds.
Young Jackson beat Kid Roberts, six rounds.
Young Silva beat Young Dupre, six rounds.

2—Erie, Pa.:
Jimmy Slattery knocked out Jim Lewis, three rounds.

2—Sacramento, Calif.:
Tommy Gardner knocked out Frank Ruffles, first round.
Jack Shirley knocked out Joe Abrewm, first round.
Tom O'Leary beat Johnny Fiske, four rounds.
Young Sharkey and Art Emery, four-round draw.
Simplico Bermoy and Young Spears, four-round draw.
Johnny Sacco and Kid Freeman, four-round draw.
Eddie Morris and Kid Fair Oaks, four-round draw.

2—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bert Colima beat Marty Foley, four rounds.
Dandy Dillion beat Frankie Brown, four rounds.

2—San Francisco:
Jack Silver beat Benny Barris, four rounds.
Sailor Ashmore beat Eddie Dooley, four rounds.
Tommy Commiskey beat Min Minnick, four rounds.
Billy Emmett beat Jack McDonald, four rounds.
Jack Inman knocked out Les Davis, first round.
Sailor Hickhock knocked out Frankie Baker, third round.
Al Williams knocked out Marty Farrell, third round.

3—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Joe Ryder beat Harry Gordon, twelve rounds.
Willie O'Connell beat Willie Suess, six rounds.

3—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jimmy Gardy beat Wildman Gould, twelve rounds.
Babe Orlando beat Joe Zink, eight rounds.

3—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, New York City:
Lew Perfetti beat Terry Miller, six rounds.
Tommy Milton beat Bobby Walker, six rounds.

5—First Regiment Armory, Newark, N. J.:
Harry Wills knocked out Jack Thompson, four rounds.
Joe Benter beat Ritz Walters, eight rounds.
Silent Puryear knocked out Kid Broscoe, five rounds.
Tommy Farley knocked out Frankie Schuman, two rounds.

5—Lenox A. C., New York City:
Carl Duane beat Frankie Conway, twelve rounds.
Lew Goldberg beat Patsy Rego, six rounds.
Dave Webber beat Sammy Markowitz, six rounds.
Joe Scoppatone knocked out George Brown, three rounds.
Joe Dundee beat Jimmy Valicenti, four rounds.

5—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Herb Brodie knocked out Pat Mills, one round.
Bobby Ruttenberg beat Gus Marino, six rounds.
Patsy Iodice knocked out Johnny Willetts, two rounds.
George Muigna beat Juan Mayo, six rounds.
Barney Nolan beat Claude Hancock, six rounds.
Al Greenberg knocked out Aaron Greenspan, three rounds.

5—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Danny Kramer beat Eddie Kid Wagner, eight rounds.
Ad Stone beat Young Bob Fitzsimmons, eight rounds.
Harry Kid Brown beat Freddy Jacks, eight rounds.
Charley Rosenberg knocked out Billy Pimpus, four rounds.
Sammy Novia beat Battling Pasko, six rounds.

5—Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Harry Greb beat Soldier Jones, ten rounds.

5—Lynn, Mass.:
Johnny Leonard beat Sailor Byron, ten rounds.

5—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Jack West beat Mickey Delmont, eight rounds.
Al Cross won on a foul from Al Markey, second round.

5—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Freddy Thompson and Jackie McCoy, ten-round draw.

5—Columbus, O.:
K. O. Keakle beat Jimmy Dalton, twelve rounds.

6—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Pat Walsh won on a foul from Dave Rosenberg, five rounds.
Sammy Vogel beat Johnny Downs, ten rounds.
Willie Walker knocked out Jack Tilyou, nine rounds.
Johnny Vinney and Jackie Gordon, six-round draw.

6—Boston, Mass.:
Willie Gradwell beat Bobby Barrett, ten rounds.

6—Detroit, Mich.:
Pinkey Mitchell beat Sid Barberian, ten rounds.

NOVEMBER

7—Paris, France:
Quintin Romero-Rajas knocked out Henri Eluare, second round.

7—Omaha, Neb.:
Billy Miske knocked out Bill Brennan, four rounds.
Morrie Schliaffer knocked out Harry Summers, one round.

7—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Kid Rash beat Frankie Coster, ten rounds.
Eddie Benson knocked out Soldier Lawson, second round.
Edwin Riley knocked out Red McGee, ten rounds.

7—Albany, N. Y.:
Sammy Bienfeld beat Vincent Salvatore, ten rounds.
Joey Baker beat Dutch Brandt, ten rounds.
Marty Mandreville and Chuck Prevry, ten-round draw.
Murray Layton beat Billy Bell, six rounds.

7—New Brunswick, N. J.:
Vic McLaughlin beat Pete Coleman, ten rounds.
Frankie Barrick and Joey Meinhardt, ten-round draw.

8—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Mel Coogan beat Pete August, twelve rounds.
Billy Miller won on a foul from Mickey Romano, second round.
Jimmy Gallagher beat Jimmy Clyde, six rounds.
Herman Singer beat Willie Mack, six rounds.
Johnny Nible beat Billy West, four rounds.

8—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Kestner and Frankie Cronin, ten-round draw.
Mickey Taylor beat Mickey Black, eight rounds.
Jack Douglass knocked out Phil Reynolds, two rounds.

8—Columbus Sporting Club, New York City:
Henry Shaw knocked out Soldier Lawson, nine rounds.
Chief Joe Metaquab beat Dan Bright, ten rounds.

8—London, England:
Ted Kid Lewis beat Fred Archer, twenty rounds.

8—Havana, Cuba:
Aramis Del Pino knocked out Tommy Reyes, two rounds.

8—Hartford, Conn.:
Mike Morley beat Harry Martone, ten rounds.
Frankie Mack beat Bud Dempsey, ten rounds.
Young Angelo beat Johnny Winters, ten rounds.

5—Memphis Tenn.:
Tommy Freeman beat Chuck Burns, eight rounds.

9—Mariesville, R. I.:
Young Montreal and Carl Tremaine, twelve round draw.

9—Boston, Mass.:
Red Chapman beat Johnny Drew, twelve rounds.

9—Easton, Pa.:
Johnny Leonard beat Lew Bedell, eight rounds.

9—Perth Amboy, N. J.:
Joe Coletti beat Indian Russell, eight rounds.

9—Peoria, Ill.:
Irish Johnny Curtin beat Georgie Buch, ten rounds.

9—St. Paul, Minn.:
Jock Malone beat Panama Joe Gans, twelve rounds.

9—Tampa, Fla.:
Artie McCann beat Joe Ritchie, ten rounds.

9—St. Louis, Mo.:
Jimmy Russo beat Frankie Mason, fifteen rounds.

9—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Ted Moore knocked out Nick Volpetti, five rounds.

10—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Spencer Gardner beat Frankie Jerome, twelve rounds.
Georgie Doherty knocked out Mickey Noonan, two rounds.
Tony Vacarelli beat Toe Trieste, six rounds.
Emil Paluso beat Sammy Schack, six rounds.
Johnny Liano knocked out Bob Irwin, two rounds.

10—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Henry Catena beat Willie Galligan, twelve rounds.
Bobby Wagner and Charles Castello, eight round draw.
Johnny Hayes beat Danny Davis, six rounds.
Happy Burns knocked out Jimmy Sheppard, four rounds.

10—Ridgewood ,Grove Sporting Club Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Willie Kohler beat Frankie Edwards, six rounds.
Jackie Coburn and Sid Rabin, six round draw.
George West beat Johnny Willetts, six rounds.
Frankie Albans knocked out Charley Lease, two rounds.
Eddie Clifford beat Jack Ricci, six rounds.
Mike Durano beat Charley Benyo, four rounds.

LOS ANGELES NOTES

(Continued from page 25)

ern referees, paid the city of Los Angeles ten berries for speeding. He was on his way out to Doyle's when the motor bobby grabbed him. Jim said it was worth the money, as he was on time for the first bout.

Dick Donald has an army of boxers working out at the Lyceum Club. There are no less than two hundred boys swapping punches daily. His Saturday night shows are up to snuff and he turns them away every week.

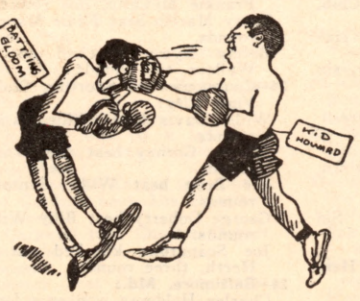
The Newsboys' Club is now on a strong footing. Two shows were held in the past month and they were humdingers. Bert Colima, the Pacific Coast middleweight, knocked Mike Downey, of Pittsburgh, out in the first round. Much credit must be given Jack Doyle for the success of the club, along with Deacon Phyle. Those two real sportsmen put the club on a footing that is a credit to the city. It all goes to show that when real men get behind anything they make it go. The Newsboys are very grateful to the gentlemen.

Phil Salvidore handed Pepper Martin a four-round lacing at the Vernon Coliseum. Pepper started like a champion. He landed one on Phil that staggered him, but Salvidore came back strong and dropped Martin three times.

The house went wild as the fans thought that Martin would make quick work of it. It will take a mighty good boy to whip this boy Salvidore as he is one that takes the best care of himself. It will be a dandy rematch.

Billy Papke was introduced to the fans at the Vernon Coliseum and was given a warm reception. Billy was a great favorite here a few years ago.

When in Chicago



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Sharkey vs. Jeffries
Choynski vs. Jeffries
Peter Jackson vs. Peter Maher
Fitzsimmons vs. Jeffries
Corbett vs. Fitzsimmons
Ketchell vs. Johnson
Ad Wolgast vs. Willie Ritchie
Kilbane vs. Abe Attell
Corbett vs. Terry McGovern
Ad Wolgast vs. Battling Nelson
Johnson vs. Jeffries
Johnson vs. Willard
Carpentier vs. Joe Jeannette
Dempsey vs. Willard
Carpentier vs. Levinsky
Pete Herman vs. Jimmy Wilde
Dempsey vs. Carpentier
Carpentier vs. Beckett
Billy Miske vs. Jack Dempsey
Leonard vs. Kansas
Leonard vs. Richie Mitchell
Abe Goldstein vs. Johnny Buff
Joe Beckett vs. Frank Moran
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Benny Leonard vs. Joe Welling
Mike O'Dowd vs. Johnny Wilson
Abe Goldstein vs. Panche Villa
Ted Kid Lewis vs. Johnny Basham
Luis Firpo vs. Jack McAuliffe
Fred Fulton vs. Jack Renault
Jess Willard vs. Floyd Johnson
Johnny Dundee vs. Jack Bernstein
Johnny Kilbane vs. Eugene Criqui
Wilde vs. Villa
Dempsey vs. Gibbons

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Terry McGovern vs. Battling Nelson
Jim Jeffries vs. Jim Corbett
Joe Gans vs. Packy McFarland
Jim Jeffries vs. Tommy Ryan
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Jim Jeffries vs. Tom Sharkey
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Terry McGovern vs. Frank Erne
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Daniel Mendoza vs. George Humphries
Young Corbett vs. Aurelio Herrera
Jim Jeffries vs. Bob Armstrong
Joe Jeanette vs. Jim Stewart
Tommy Murphy vs. Dick Hyland
Pat O'Keefe vs. Owen Moran
Johnny Summers vs. Owen Moran
Tom Johnson vs. Isaac Perrins
Charley White vs. Rocky Kansas
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Benny Yanger and Tom Sharkey—Terry McGovern sparring, and Frank Erne and John L. Sullivan—Jake Kilrain sparring
Bob Fitzsimmons and Battling Nelson
Jack Johnson and Harry Wills
Joe Jeannette and Young Pete Jackson
George Dixon and Joe Gans and Joe Wolcott
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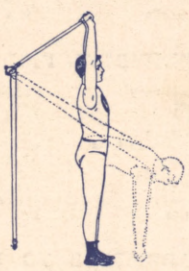

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